THE

SURVEY

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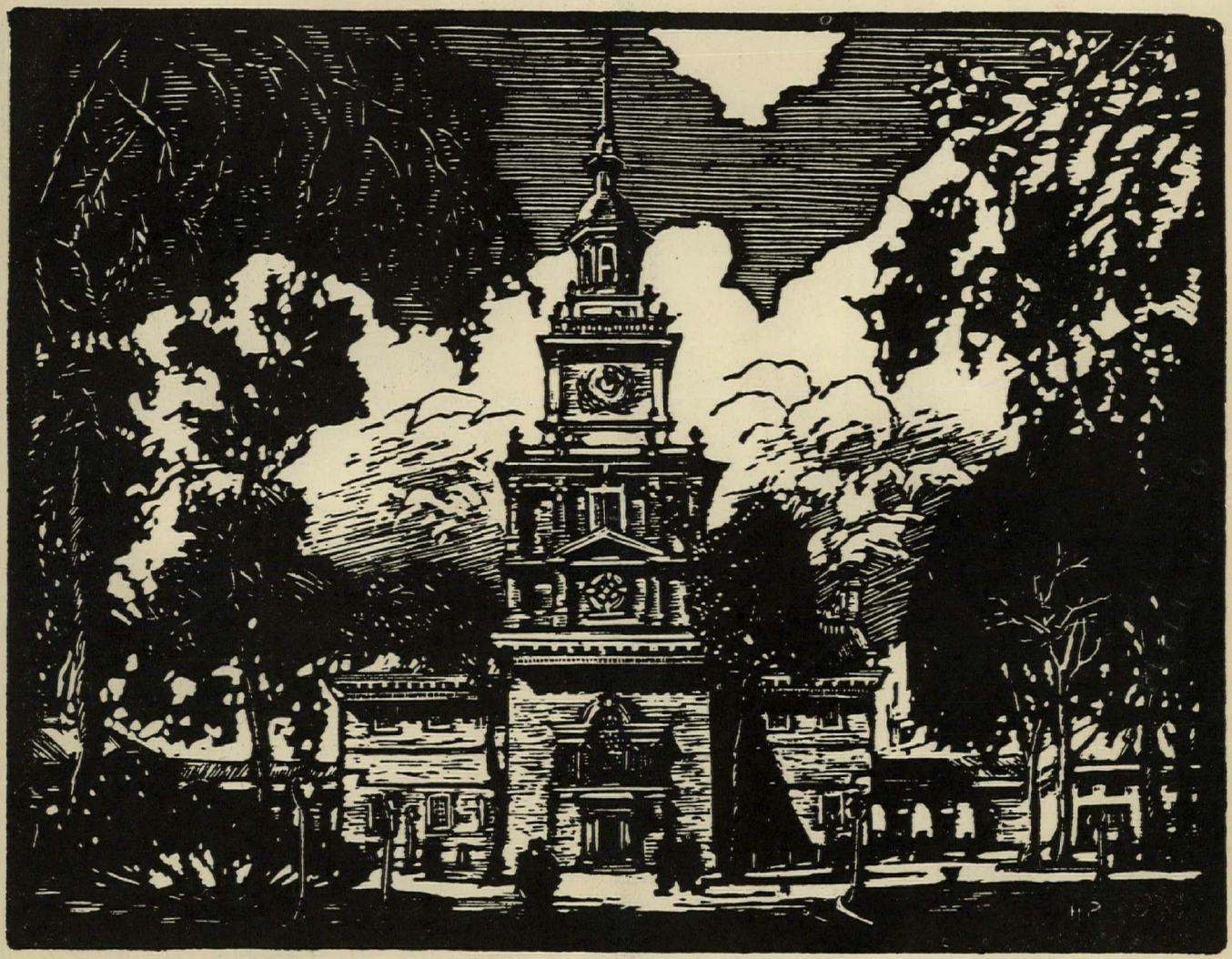

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An ADVENTURE in MIDWIFERY · Mary Breckinridge

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The Judges of the contest are Emily G. Balch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Henry Raymond Mussey, Professor of Economics, Wellesley College; Kirby Page, Editor, The World Tomorrow; Beatrice Price, of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace; Henry P. Van Dusen of the Student Department of the Y. M. C. A.

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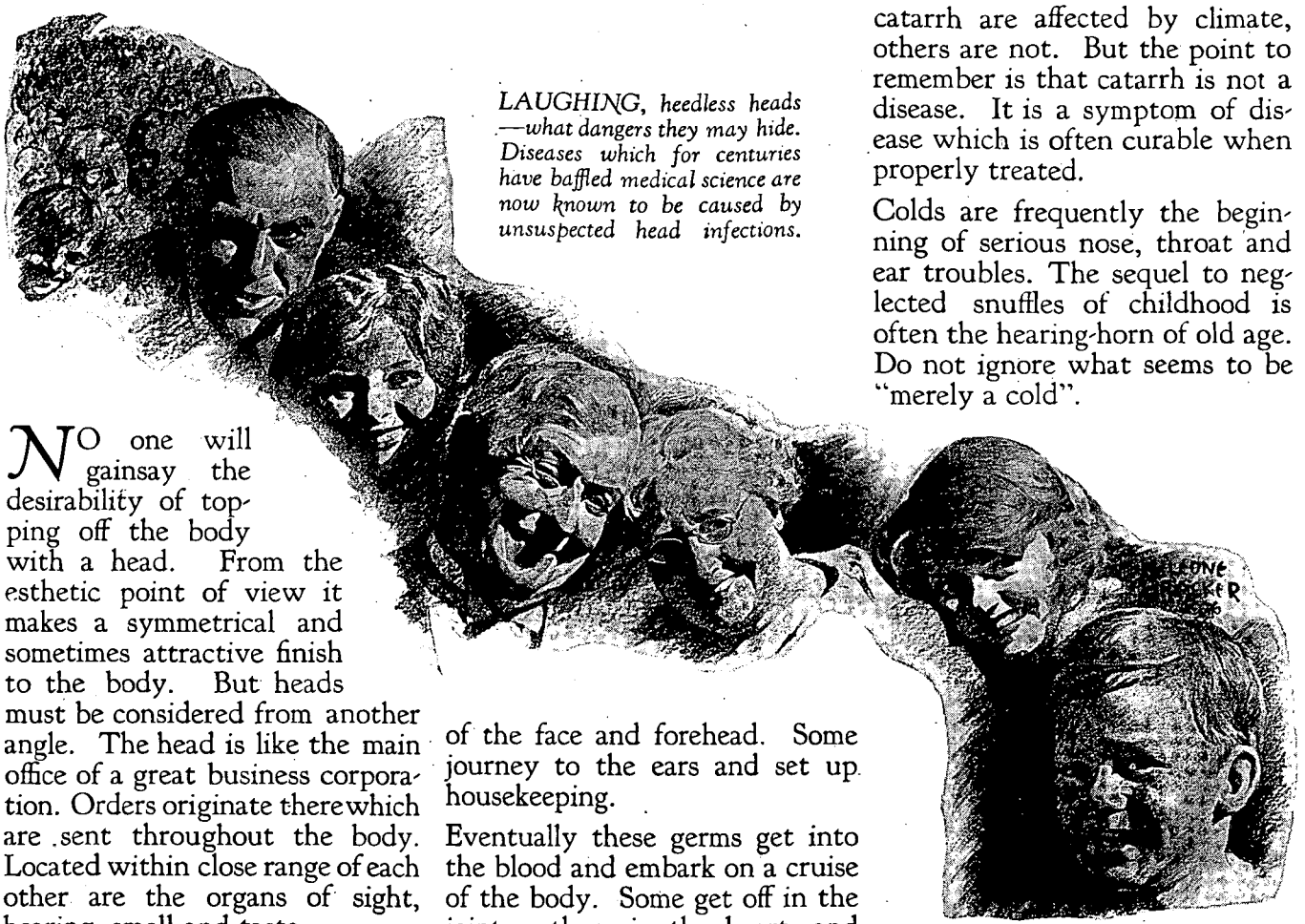
Where Attacks Start



LAUGHING, heedless heads —what dangers they may hide. Diseases which for centuries have baffled medical science are now known to be caused by unsuspected head infections.

NO one will gainsay the desirability of topping off the body with a head. From the esthetic point of view it makes a symmetrical and sometimes attractive finish to the body. But heads must be considered from another angle. The head is like the main office of a great business corporation. Orders originate there which are sent throughout the body. Located within close range of each other are the organs of sight, hearing, smell and taste.

When things begin to go wrong with the head, disturbances may be expected in remote parts of the body. An apparently slight head infection may cause grave physical damage—even death.

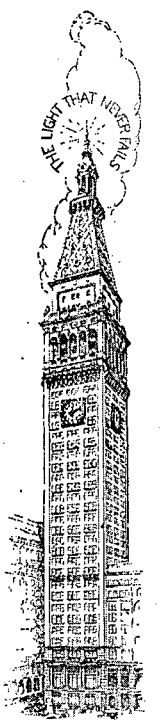
Myriads of germs live in infected noses and tonsils and adenoids, and at the roots of diseased teeth. These germs often pack up their families and travel to adjoining sinuses—the cavities in the bones of the face and forehead. Some journey to the ears and set up housekeeping.

Eventually these germs get into the blood and embark on a cruise of the body. Some get off in the joints, others in the heart, and still others select the kidneys. Heart disease, arthritis, deafness, failing eyesight, neuritis, anemia, rheumatism and even appendicitis may be traced to head infections.

Nasal catarrh spells trouble, the source of which should be located at once. Yet few persons realize the danger and neglect catarrh because they believe it to be the inevitable result of the climate in which they live. Some kinds of catarrh are affected by climate, others are not. But the point to remember is that catarrh is not a disease. It is a symptom of disease which is often curable when properly treated.

Colds are frequently the beginning of serious nose, throat and ear troubles. The sequel to neglected snuffles of childhood is often the hearing-horn of old age. Do not ignore what seems to be "merely a cold".

Now — before cold weather sets in — have your nose, throat and teeth thoroughly examined for any possible diseased condition. Do not go through life suffering from handicaps that reduce your chance of happiness — that may shorten your life.



A famous authority states that thousands of deaths annually, among those of working age, are caused by organic conditions largely due to what the doctors call focal infections. In plain words, this means the diseased spots where germs lodge and multiply and start spreading their campaigns of trouble.

Most cases of focal infections are located in the head—teeth, tonsils and sinuses.

Authorities agree that infections of the head and nose in the early autumn frequently lead to attacks of pneumonia, which with appalling regularity appear in January, February and March.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail you, without cost, two valuable and helpful booklets—"Common Colds" and "Care of the Teeth".

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A Glimpse Ahead

A City of Puppets *By Francis Hackett*

After four years of writing in rural France, Mr. Hackett walked down the gangplank of the Berengaria and found his New York "as foreign as Moscow." Out of interviews with editors, reporters, stenographers, business men, taxi drivers, physicians, factory hands and a beggar he weaves the pattern of New York as it is, of how it got to be that way, and of why it is getting to be the way of the U. S.

Booze Patter *By Elizabeth Elliott*

Living where a modest woman had to wear rubbers whether her small town happened at the moment to be wet, dry, or merely moist, this author confesses her waning admiration for MAN "because of his booze complex—not his actual drinking, just his eternal booze-patter."

After Dullness—What? *By the Younger Generation*

Granted that we are revolting *against* uniformity, what are we revolting *for?* Carl Van Doren throws the challenge in this issue, for dullness as he discusses it is chiefly an end-product of doleful uniformity in mind, body, and estate. In November, Francis Hackett will come at it with eyes freshened by the variety of France and Ireland (see above). And the Younger Generation will advise Father William and all his generation in a symposium limited to contributors in their thirties. Keen minds, all of them, warmed by a purpose that is both serious and generous.

Parents and the Changing World *By Miriam Van Waters*

Youth has held the center of the stage. Adolescence is charming—but certainly it is not the end of existence. Adult life can be full of fun as well as of maturity—a splendid experience if only we knew how to grow up.

That is the feeling of one of the rarest child experts in the country; one who has joined fathers and mothers in facing the fact that they are not and probably should not bring up their children in the way that they themselves were brought up; parents who are groping for a new and better way. Dr. Van Waters will write a series of five articles beginning November:

Family Relationships in the Modern World
Nineteen Ways of Being a Bad Parent
"I Would Rather Die than Go Home"—What the Los Angeles Juvenile Court has found out in its "antagonism" studies
The Child Who Is a Leader
The Glorious Adventure of Being Grown-Up

The Revolution on Quality Street *By Leon Whipple*

For many years "the American tradition" was carried on by the 35-centers—Harper's, Atlantic, Scribner's, Century. Polite literature, the fine arts, philosophy, travel were their symbols of our civilization. All told they gathered together some 500,000 readers who, as Mr. Whipple puts it, withdrew into their decorous pages "for assurance that the world was a happy and restful place wherein nice people were writing charming poems and essays, traveling to lovely places, or writing tales and painting pictures that would solace and restore—a literature of escape." Then something happened to the children of men—they were hit by Science, Machines, Industrialism, Imperialism, Feminism, World War, Leisure, the new Psychology and the Interrogation of Religion—all in capital letters. Came next the muck-rackers and then the Quality Street group changed to a new kind of review, plus the infant Mercury and the re-born Forum, which is changing the intellectual scenery of our day. A keen, vehement, understanding, robust article by the author of The Graphic's Letters and Life.

The Movie Extra *By Marian L. Mel*

If you were on the 'phone in a certain employment office in Hollywood you might take down an order for one day's work for 12 soldiers of mixed nationalities, 1 mother and baby, 1 boy of 12 with freckles, 1 Mother Superior, 2 nuns, 1 chauffeur who can drive Renault car, 1 woman for drowning stunt, 13 men in classy flannels and 1 small hen-pecked man. Formerly 10,000 men, women and children tramped from studio to studio for the "extra" jobs given out daily to from 800 to 1,500. Now it is all done through a central casting bureau maintained cooperatively by the big motion picture producers, and used by even the relatively wealthy—and muscular—"four-suit-case-man."

Fall Books *A Supplement*

The Survey's annual Fall Book Supplement in charge of Leon Whipple, will discuss the important publications of the season from a point of view which relates them to life as well as to letters.

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THE SURVEY—Twice-a-month—$5.00 a year
SURVEY GRAPHIC—Monthly—$3.00 a year

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THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

MRS. KELLEY'S Greataunt Sarah refused to wear cotton or eat sugar, because they were produced by slaves. And she bobbed her gray hair as a protest against the convention of long hair for women, though to be sure it never showed under her Quaker cap. Her father, friend of Lincoln, was interested in working children during all the thirty years he was a member of Congress, and he told Mrs. Kelley that it was the duty of his generation to build up industry and wealth, of hers to see to its fair distribution. Her mother lost five little daughters in twelve years through infections now recognized as preventable. It was from such a background that Mrs. Kelley went forth as one of the first woman students at Cornell, a lifelong worker for the protection of working women and children, for suffrage, peace, and race justice. As secretary of the National Consumers' League, she has been a thorn in the flesh of the exploiters for twenty-five years. Here we have the first instalment of her Notes of Sixty Years, which will appear from time to time in Survey Graphic. Page 5.

THE Catholic Church in Mexico is torn between its past, deep-rooted in Rome and Indian religions much older than Rome, and its present, bound up in the slow emergence of a Mexican nation through revolution and a labor government. For a statement of the case the Graphic has turned to two residents of the United States. Carleton Beals has for years been an interpreter of the social ferment in Latin countries, first in Italy and of late in Mexico. His books and magazine articles are widely known. Our readers will remember in particular his article on The Obregon Regime in the special Mexican issue of the Graphic for May, 1924. Page 12.

BISHOP KELLEY of Oklahoma first went to Mexico during Carranza's time to administer relief from the funds of the Catholic Church Extension Society, of which he was president. He has had an abiding interest in the Mexican people, has written a number of pamphlets about them and has in preparation a history of Mexico. Page 16.

MRS. WEMBRIDGE, high favorite among Graphic readers, has been appointed referee of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland, where she will practice applied psychology and write of her girl clients as she has in the Women's Protective Association. She tells in this issue of her unique experiment of forming a class in the new psychology for working girls, of their penetrating, racy comments on each other, their families and their employers. Page. 21. For a more sophisticated angle of what women office workers think of their bosses, read the review of Mrs. Woodward's frank revelations of Business with a big B. Page 44.

KENTUCKY has always been known for its women and its horses. Appropriately enough it was in the Kentucky highlands that the two were brought into a new combination of the nurse on horseback, plunging through woods and streams and over mountains where no road goes. Since Mrs. Breckinridge wrote her account of this pioneering service, there have been casualties. A black horse has lost one eye and after the manner of his kind, kicks at anyone who comes up on his blind side. Two nurses, sound R.N.'s and midwives but inexperienced with horseflesh, have suffered from his heels, one a serious blow in the back, the other a kick in the jaw which seems to have done no damage! But a gray horse redeemed the reputation of the stable. Gray horses, as a daughter of a Confederate cavalryman, like Mrs. Breckinridge, knows, are much smarter than others. This gray, fording a river, suddenly found himself up to his belly in quicksand. With a mighty jerk backward he threw his rider off to safety and finally got himself free. Page 25.

THE population has suddenly chosen to come to school. Presto, the state university must wrestle with the sons and daughters of the butcher, the baker, the politics-maker. It involves lipsticks and flivvers and fathers' votes. It simmers down to two inevitable questions: Should the state university reflect or lead the life of the state? Can a liberal college survive in a modern American university whose debts to the taxpayer are made good, not in ideas, but in material gains? Miss Calkins has many angles on Wisconsin, as teacher and graduate student and native daughter, as well as former settlement worker and member of The Survey staff. Page 28.

NOT the least interesting of the causes of the uniformity which deadens the United States of 1926, is Mr. Van Doren's discovery of the parts played by Roosevelt and Bryan. When those two doughty protestants turned, in their middle years, to militarism and theology, they gathered up a mighty following of hitherto dumb and inert folk. Sharpshooting against them are men of letters who occupy today a position of influence not theirs since the anti-slavery debate. Mr. Van Doren is well known as writer, lecturer, critic, and literary editor of The Century. Page 35

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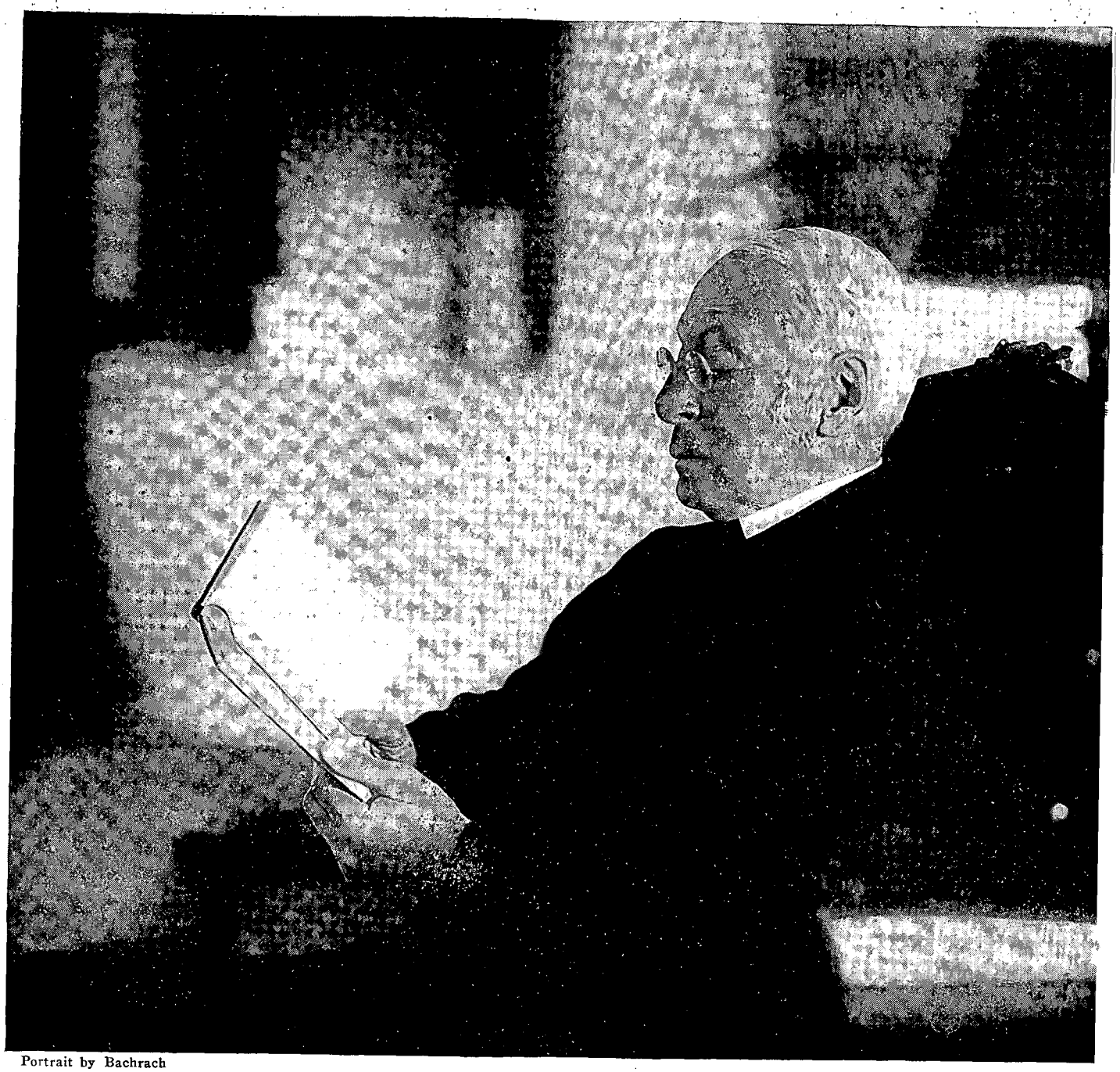

Portrait by Bachrach

CHARLES W. ELIOT

The great teacher passes

1834-1926

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

OCTOBER 1, 1926

Volume LVII, No. 1

My Philadelphia

By FLORENCE KELLEY

This is the year when the City of Brotherly Love—of Penn and Franklin and the Signers—has beckoned the nation to help celebrate the Sesqui-Centennial of our Independence. By way of exhibits, it offers a championship prize fight in the big stadium, and in a larger arena the most lavish slush funds ever applied to control the machinery of self-government. But that's not the whole story of either Sesqui or City. As foil, read Mrs. Kelley's testimony to her birthright—a girlhood there, lighted by the flame of the early Republicans, warmed by the glow of the Quaker fellowship, kindled by generous idealisms that in each generation have passed to young hands the torch of the Signers, and may again make Independence Hall a beacon as well as a shrine.

MY earliest dated mental picture has to do with the death of President Lincoln. I was five years old, visiting my grandparents in Germantown, then a suburb of Philadelphia. They lived in an ivy-clad, pebble-dashed, gable-roofed old house, on a slightly terraced hillside, overlooking the lovely little Wingohocking Creek, long since, alas! become a city sewer.

At the foot of the terrace was a goldfish pond. Hector, the big Newfoundland dog, was waiting for me below my window as I dressed for breakfast. It was a sunny day, and a robin ran over the close cropped, bright green grass of the back garden. Nothing could have been gayer.

How different the breakfast table! My taciturn grandfather's formidable features (so like President Jackson's that I had never doubted that the two cent postage stamps of the time were family portraits of our own) looked that day as if chiseled in stone. My grandmother, serene in all my previous experience of her, looked shattered, and was silent throughout the meal. After breakfast she said to me:

"In times of grief it is well for families to be together. You and I will drive to your home." Then in a voice of utter sadness she added: "My child, President Lincoln is dead. He was shot last night."

We drove in silence the seven miles to our parents' home in West Philadelphia. The sidewalks were empty. People were draping their doors with mourning, and shutters were closed as if Death had entered every home. In the study my mother was sewing deep mourning on the flag that had been so often raised to celebrate victories during the war.

Father was not at home because he had gone several days before, as one of the guests of the Government, asked to rear again the flag of the Union over the ruins of Fort Sumter. I have before me the faded copy of a Philadelphia newspaper of a fortnight later which reported a speech he made before the girls' High and Normal School. In this he told how the news had reached them:

> Upon the good ship Arago the Army and Navy were represented by distinguished officers, judges of the Supreme Court of the United States and of some of the States, members of both Houses of Congress, some of the most distinguished lights of the pulpit, the bar and the universities. It was a goodly and pleasant company.
>
> Leaving Hilton Head we were nearing Fort Sumter, when a steamer approached and General Gilmore called to us that Lee had surrendered, and that he had with him the particulars of the terms of surrender.
>
> A few hours later the prow of our vessel was turned homeward. All was bright and beautiful and cheerful. We were off Cape Henry, looking out for Fortress Monroe, when a little boat passed close to our stern. He who held its helm cried:
>
> "Why is not your flag at half mast? Have you not heard of the President's death?"
>
> That was the first intimation we had received of the dreadful occurrence. We refused to credit it; we could not credit it. We looked into each other's faces and were silent.

Because I was so little I was, of course, left at home on the day of the funeral services at In-

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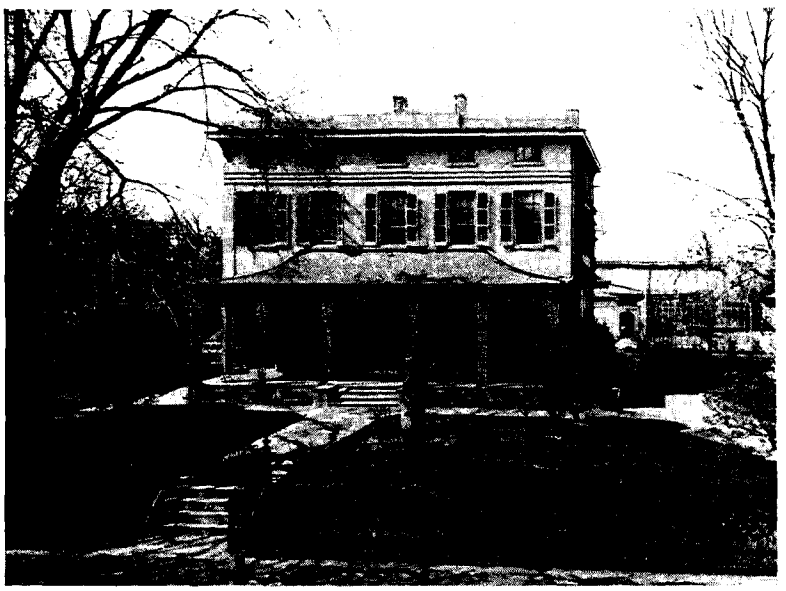
Home of John Bartram, associate of Benjamin Franklin in founding the American Philosophical Society; foremost of Mrs. Kelley's Quaker ancestors. The house stands in Bartram Park, Philadelphia



Judge Kelley's home in West Philadelphia, four miles as the crow flies from Independence Hall. In Mrs. Kelley's early childhood the house was isolated, reached only by stages and horse cars

dependence Hall (April 23) where President Lincoln's body was brought to Philadelphia from Washington on its way to Springfield; but an older brother, William Darrah Kelley, recalls the formal occurrences of that day and writes of the city "hushed and draped in black" and the great crowds which thronged in front of the historic building.

ONLY a little later in memory came Father's first contribution to the strange, incoherent process of my education. Of all the things he told me in early childhood, only one left a deeper impression than this: That the duty of his generation was to build up great industries in America so that more wealth could be produced for the whole people. "The duty of your generation," he often said, "will be to see that the product is distributed justly. The same generation cannot do both."

William Darrah Kelley, our father, was almost thirty years continuously a member of the House of Representatives in Washington and was known towards the close of that long service as the Father of the House. He had run for Congress in 1856, with Fremont, on the Free Soil ticket, and at a critical time in the convention of the new Republican Party in Chicago in 1860 his long and impressive speech had the attention of the delegates until the committee brought in Lincoln's nomination. Father was chosen by the Pennsylvania group as their representative on the committee which visited Mr. Lincoln to notify him of his nomination. Father was himself elected to the House of Representatives that November, 1860, and first took his seat at the extra session called on July 4, 1861. He was reëlected fourteen times consecutively, and was a member of the House at the time of his death, in January, 1890, representing always the Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.

Throughout the long period of his service in Congress his dominant, absorbing passion was the development of the natural resources of our country, primarily those of Pennsylvania.

Although as a Member of Congress, Father was exempt from service in the Civil War, he volunteered and when Pennsylvania was threatened by the Confederate Army he went out with the Reserves. His huge musket and light blue army overcoat and cap greatly impressed us even when they hung in a closet long after the war.

Lucretia Mott

On my tenth birthday in 1869, Father was at home because it fell in one of his long vacations, which gave, in alternate years between the long and short sessions, abundant time for travel and for inquiring into the practical effects of tariff duties upon manufatturing industries, many of which were, in the years immediately following the Civil War, still "infants."

On this memorable birthday I was reading, on the floor of the study, a delightfully illustrated volume entitled The Resources of California, which Father had brought back from a journey thither. He had been a member of the Committee of Ways and Means which earlier that year had gone to Promontory Point, Utah, to see the famous "Golden

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Spike" driven home, which united the eastern and western halves of the first transcontinental railroad and had continued their journey to the Pacific coast. Finding me absorbed in text as well as pictures, he welcomed me with enthusiasm into a companionship which has enriched my whole life.

Because I never went regularly to school, and encouraged by his interest I began then, at the age of ten years and wholly without guidance, to read Father's library through, starting at the ceiling, at the southwest corner of the study and continuing the process whenever we were at home until, at the age of seventeen, I entered Cornell University.

Father had taught me to read when I was seven years old, in a terrible little book with woodcuts of children no older than myself, balancing with their arms heavy loads of wet clay on their heads, in brickyards in England. They looked like little gnomes and trolls, with crooked legs, and splay feet large out of all proportion to their dwarfed frames. The text told of the hardships they were then suffering, nearly two decades after Lord Shaftesbury's bill to shorten the working hours of women and children in English factories had been enacted by Parliament. When my mother and grandmother remonstrated with him for darkening the mind of a young child with such dismal ideas, he replied seriously that life can never be right for all the children until the cherished boys and girls are taught to know the facts in the lives of their less fortunate contemporaries.

In after years, and as my work of factory inspector and advocate of labor laws took me to the sweat shops and mill towns of the industrial states, other images were to take their place beside these, images which stood out against backgrounds of garment factory and textile mill, machine shop and foundry with the poignant appeal of human flesh and blood. But my pictures of exploited children always ranged back to these boys and girls of the English industrial revolution which had preceded ours, and the vividness with which my father had described the children's plight.

Father had told me of slave children who, born after I was and down to President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, had been sold away from their parents to grow up in distant states, far from their brothers and sisters. He had talked about children in his own generation called "bound" boys and "bound" girls, who came from England under indenture to the people who brought them. They had to work long years without wages as household servants or unskilled farm help, to pay the costs of their journey to the land of the free.

To Father's mind these toiling English children were living evidence of the evils of Free Trade. He felt profoundly the evil of promulgating, for our new industry, the theory of *laisser faire*. He believed in forty

William Darrah Kelley, Mrs. Kelley's father, whose name she has retained. Friend and adherent of Lincoln, Judge Kelley was for thirty years a member of Congress and known at the time of his death in 1890 as the "Father of the House"

Notes of Sixty Years

Mrs. Kelley has long been urged by her friends to set down the story of a life which has spanned and epitomized an epoch of supreme change in the fortunes of American women. A pioneer in breaking barriers which had closed the higher learning to her sex, she was conscious from early girlhod of what was befalling less fortunate women, with their shift from home to shop and mill and factory. Herself a professional woman and a mother, she has made the cause of wage earning women and children her life work, bringing to it extraordinary gifts, a brilliant mind and an irrepressible faith. Here we find inklings of those springs of purpose which have welled forth in her activities as the first woman Chief Factory Inspector of a great industrial State, as an indefatigable champion of child labor reform, and as secretary for a quarter century of the National Consumers' League.

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acres and a mule for freedmen, homesteads for immigrants, and tariffs for American manufacture. To my generation, other measures commended themselves and became my burning concern; but Father's charge had been to meet the issues of the ensuing decades with such light as might be ours.

In his study, from which I was never willingly absent when he was at home, and in long walks together after that fortunate birthday, there was always in his mind the leaven of that idea of a juster, nobler, happier life for all the American people once a firm industrial foundation, as he saw it, had been laid.

A freshman at Cornell in 1876, the year the first women graduated from that university

FATHER'S never failing, glowing interest in the misfortunes of defenseless women and children arose in part from his early experiences. He was born in Philadelphia in 1814, the youngest of four children, his three elders being sisters. His earliest clear recollection was of sitting on the lowest step of the stairs, by the open front door of his home, while his sister brushed the white marble steps, singing at the top of her voice:

There is a Fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

As she finished the second line he ran out and down the street, calling back to her, "I don't want to hear about blood." That was the earliest recorded protest in his long life of protest and dissent.

While I was still a little girl, he told me the story of his mother's experience immediately following his father's death in 1816. There was then no lien law exempting for widows and their orphan children any remnants of possessions wherewith to begin life anew, no law protecting them from loss of the tools of the father's trade nor of the meagerest necessities of dependent children. There were no widows' pensions, no mothers' allowances, no scholarships payable out of taxes.

The family had been prosperous until my grandfather, David Kelley, a leading jeweler in Philadelphia, indorsed the note of a brother - in - law, who long survived him, but whose failure to meet this note caused him to lose his business and his life. Grandfather Kelley died of apoplexy at the age of thirty-two years, when Father was two years old.

Florence Kelley at the age of three

Out of that early prosperity there remained at his death household silver, christening cups and porridge spoons, glass, china and linen, besides the larger furniture. These were to be sold at auction on a certain day by the holders of Grandfather's signature to the note. The family treasures were spread on tables, and the intending bidders were beginning to gather when a substantial looking member of the Society of Friends appeared with a large basket on each arm. She quickly filled her baskets with desirable objects of manageable size, and went her way, remarking to those who looked on: "It seems strange that Friend Hannah Kelley should not have returned precious heirlooms." She was known to several persons present, and her undoubted respectability prevented any attempt to interfere with her departure. Many weeks later the Friend returned with her baskets saying, according to family tradition: "Thee will have abundant use, Friend Kelley, for these belongings for thyself and thy children. I feel sure that thee has not misconstrued my good intention."

Sectarian differences in those days were no less than they are now, and our grandparents were Presbyterian. The name of this truly Friendly neighbor has been handed down in the family, with the story of her practical protest against a law which gave to the creditor everything belonging to the deceased, and gave to his widow and orphaned children nothing.

Although he was too young to remember the episode of Friend Scattergood, the subsequent hardships experienced by his mother and her brood made a lifelong impression upon Father. This auction was often mentioned in his early childhood, and contributed to his perennial interest in measures intended to protect women and children by statute, by legal interpretation, and by enfranchising women.

With some help from her husband's brother, my grandmother managed to keep her brood together. But times continued hard long after the war of 1812, and at the age of eleven, Father was obliged to go to work as errand boy in a printing house. From November until May his hours of work were from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m.; from May until November they were from light until dark. This beloved little only son found it impossible to keep awake toward the end of his working day,

Florence Kelley before the days of kindergartens

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and a friendly printer told him to bring some green tea leaves and chew them as he worked. Father attributed the nervous excitability which distressed him throughout his long life to those early years of strain and fatigue. Here much nearer home than English brickyards, I had a glimpse of the lot of less fortunate children.

Our earliest known ancestor was Thomas Kelley, first of three generations of Thomases. A Protestant from the North of Ireland, he sailed up the Delaware in 1662, and his son acquired some landed possession on the New Jersey side at a place now impossible to locate, but then known as Ruff's Landing. The line is straight and has been traced from that original Thomas Kelley of 1662 through John Kelley of Salem, New Jersey, who was a major in the Revolution, to his descendant, David Kelley (1784-1816), the Philadelphia jeweler, who was our father's father. All the known Kelleys of this line hailed from Londonderry, Ireland, except David Kelley's mother, Father's grandmother, Elizabeth Casteau, daughter of a Huguenot family, long settled in New Jersey.

Caroline Bartram Bonsall, Mrs. Kelley's mother

To this respectable genealogy Father's mother, Hannah Darrah, added the record of her father, William Darrah, an officer in the French and Indian wars, and in the Revolution. He received eight hundred acres of land in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, as reward of his service in the earlier wars. In the Civil War, the family was represented by Father and our mother's two brothers, Henry W. and William R. Bonsall.

We are thus descended from people, Irish, English and Huguenot, who came to America to escape oppression, and to find freedom of worship and, as it turned out, to found families destined honorably to hold their own in the professions, in business and in the Government.

CHILDHOOD free as sunshine from fear of punishment, rebuke or criticism, was rare in the period between 1859 and 1870, yet such a childhood was mine to the age of eleven years. Conviction of sin was far, indeed, from our knowledge.

Father had been identified with the first Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, of which William H. Furness was pastor for more than a half century. Dr. Furness had married my parents in 1854, and participated in the service at Father's funeral in 1890. It was a source of lasting satisfaction that shortly before the Civil War, when a meeting of the church members was held to consider a recent anti-slavery sermon delivered by Dr. Furness, Father spoke strongly in his support and for the anti-slavery cause. There was no censure of the sermon.

On the fringe of my childhood moved numerous aunts of assorted religious beliefs—Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian. Out of all this variety there could obviously crystallize in my mind no fear of Hell fire or eternal punishment of any kind. Indeed, I can truly say that in those tender years I knew no fear except of my colored mammy's ghost stories until (when I was eleven years old) the loss of my fifth and last surviving sister robbed the sunshine of its glory and created a shadow lasting to this present day. But I was then too young to share Mother's permanent terror of impending loss. Our mother's own parents had died in her early childhood. Her two brothers had died (one at our home) of lingering tuberculosis following service in the Civil War. Uncle William Bonsall served as a surgeon. Four of my little sisters had died in infancy, and this fifth loss of a daughter who had almost reached her seventh birthday brought to my mother, who survived her more than thirty years, a settled, gentle melancholy which she could only partly disguise for the sake of my two brothers and myself, her only surviving daughter.

Even conscientious adherence to the rule of the Society of Friends that Death, being a part of the Divine order of nature, should not be followed by mourning apparel or darkening of the home, brought only outward cheerfulness. Our home was, however, kept filled with young people. Indeed during the years when my brothers were students at the University of Pennsylvania, the breakfast table was never

(*Continued, p. 50*)

Does Congress Wish Babies to Die?

It is characteristic that Mrs. Kelley's plan to use one of her few opportunities for leisure to write the story of her life work has been interrupted. Last July, convalescent from a disabling attack of influenza, she had begun to write at her summer home on the Maine coast her Notes of Sixty Years. First, came failure of the Senate to pass, before adjournment, the needed authorization for further appropriations for the Sheppard-Towner Act for hygiene and welfare of maternity and infancy. Senator Bayard read into the Congressional Record on July 8 thirty-five pages of misinterpretations of the Act, charging Mrs. Kelley with serving as chief conspirator for Moscow. With six generations of American ancestors behind her, she rose to the challenge and has made this first installment of her reminiscences a call to action at the December session of Congress, and the coming winter's legislatures.

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The Mexican Church on Trial

By CARLETON BEALS

THE *chalupa* drifted under a stone arch past wide patches of bright blue water-lilies. The Indian, paddling at the bow, quickened his strokes. The boat shot between islands of shining sword-leaved corn and floating gardens of carnations and golden poppies. Other *chalupas* with workmen slipped past, bound from the floating gardens to the village whose low red roofs shone through the glistening, moss-bearded trees. My companion was a barefoot, bow-legged Indian in white "pajamas" and thong-bound *guaraches*. A great cone of a sombrero shaded his broad brown face and scraggly beard. And here, in this Venice of the West, Xochimilco, just a dozen miles from Mexico City, he told me an outlandish tale of mythical battles between his town and Tepotzlán; of the birth of the perfect race from flowers strewn by the old gods; legends of Montezuma and Cuatemoc; the magical placement of the heavy bells in the lofty Xochimilco cathedral-tower by a forgotten wizard; and into this hodgepodge he mixed the story of Sodom and of Lot's wife turned to salt, quoting verbatim thousands of words from the Bible.

Down in Tepotzlán, the week previous, an Italian boy, while we were sitting in a cave waiting for the passing of a mountain-shower, told me Bre'r Rabbit done over into a Mexican version with cactus and coyotes and native gods and quaint Christian turns. And in the same pueblo, old Don Vicente, one of the patriarchs, described to me a pagan procession in which the villagers had climbed lofty El Cerro to the temple of the old god of the town, one Tepotzeco, beating their *teponastles* as in the pre-Cortez days, to beg for rain; and how, at the behest of this same god, they had also bought a new jeweled robe for the Virgin. In a certain outlying church in Oaxaca, where I spent two days with the golden-faced *Cura,* the Indians had long worshipped a saint whose image had been carved out of the stone of an older god. Some years ago the priest, deciding the old image was too dilapidated, substituted a modern carving. The Indians no longer brought their offerings of flowers and fruits; and when the De la Huerta revolt broke across the land, the local troops bee-lined for the church and emptied their guns into the new saint. And just a few miles north of Mexico City, around the base of the Hill of Tepeyac, where rises the chapel dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe, the national patroness of Mexico, the Indians, every December 12, still perform their old religious dances in the churches.

Incidents such as these remind one that the Catholic Church—the Spanish Aztec Church—in Mexico is a maelstrom of conflicting tendencies. They also remind one that the Church, from an historical and administrative standpoint is an alien institution, imposed upon the country in large part by force of arms, by the brutal overturn of the older temples, and the cruel torture and assassination of the older sacerdotes. And although the first Christian priests strove to enlighten the people and better their lot, the Spanish Church, in its form of organization and institutional control, has for the most part conserved the traditions and psychology of the Conquest. More than any other Catholic organization in the world, it retains its feudal and superstate outlook. A large portion of the clergy—and that portion the most prosperous—is still foreign. The Church has never truly represented the spontaneous religious sentiments of the mass of the Mexican people. It is a mold which has only partially contained and directed the older religious afflatus.

Tepeyac, in Guadalupe Hidalgo, is one of the lightning rods of the present religious conflict, which began four centuries ago and which entered on a new phase of bitterness on February 5 of this year, finally culminating in the "strike" of the clergy on August 1. Guadalupe Hidalgo is the Loreto, the Lourdes of Mexico. Here on high Tepeyac, before the Conquest, was the *cu* of the native goddess, Tonanzín, protectress of the Tononqui Indians, also a virgin and mother of a god; here the Virgin Mary first set foot upon the western mainland, appearing in a vision to the peón Juan Diego to command that a cathedral be built upon the spot; here at her feet burst forth the famous Holy Well whose waters are as curative as those of the River Jordan. The Virgin Guadalupe, whose image appeared magically on the *tilma,* or apron, of Juan Diego —replicas of which are found in half the stores and homes of Mexico—became the patron saint of the War of Independence, the Holy Mother of the Republic. She was chosen by the humble Creole priest, Hidalgo, to lead his Indian soldiers against the Spaniards. Thus the town of Guadalupe Hidalgo has become a center of the religious life in Mexico. And every December twelfth—the greatest of Mexican religious festivals—the Indians come on long peregrinations from the far corners of the country.

Many a December 12 I have walked out the poplar-lined Calzada to Guadalupe, mingling with the eager pilgrims. Once this vast Romería was made slowly and on the knees, with lengthy prayers before each of the fourteen chapels along the route—the ever-celebrated four-

Two Sides in Mexico

Whether the situation in Mexico is a case of a confiscatory government raiding the Church, or whether it is an inevitable part of the process through which the Mexican people are becoming a nation, has not been clear to readers of the conflicting accounts in daily papers. But it has served once more to put Mexico on the front page in both the Americas and in Europe. The Survey has turned to two Americans particularly equipped by both interest and experience to state the case—Mr. Beals for the revolution and the government and, in the following article, Bishop Kelley for the Roman Catholic Church.

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The Labor and peasant anti-church manifestation on August 1 in the main plaza of Mexico City; the National Palace (of Cortes) in the background

teen stations of the cross—but now it is made with song and jostling and jest. The way is lined with venders of *dulces,* of jewelry and fruit and religious accessories. Here are man-high candles, garishly twisted, decorated with miraculous Biblical scenes or pictures of the *Santísima Virgen; gorditas de la Virgen*—"little fat ones of the Virgin"—holy sweet-cakes, almond-sized, made from the meal of the big Cachuatzintla corn; rosaries of carved wood, of glass, silver, amber, gold; aluminum medallions; tiny opera glasses, cunningly carved out of bone—no larger than a penny slot and with pin-hole openings revealing magnified images of picturesque local panoramas; toy eggs containing colored beads; incongruous pre-Cortes things, petrified "deer-eyes" with scarlet strings and bits of gnarled pine-wood stuck in the edges to be hung about the neck as a protection against the evil-eye; oranges wigged with red corn-floss, the pagan offering to the local Indian goddess; carved serpent canes from Apizaco, once the sombre *fasces* of an ancient ceremony.

And here in Guadalupe Hidalgo, the last week of last July, when the renewed conflict between Church and State drew to a new poisonous head, these scenes of December 12 were reenacted. All the potential religious fervor of the Mexican masses was here short-circuited into a blaze of fanaticism. The populace swarmed down the Calzadas, whirled about the atrium, climbed up the zigzag lanes and stairways to the high horse-shoe shaped facade of the brown chapel on the age-old holy hill of Tepeyac. The populace fought madly for last-minute confirmation, baptism, confession, marriage. Even at the early five-thirty mass, that hectic week, the great gray-green interior of the Guadalupe cathedral was jammed with the faithful, the air already sharp with the stench of burnt candles, incense, and unwashed bodies. The great tatterdemalion throngs swayed to the sound of wails, droning prayers, clanking censers, bawling infants, to choir and organ—in a last minute orgy of emotional abandon—before that fateful day of August first when the priests were to deny the spiritual ministrations to which the people were accustomed.

Yet the position of the Church in Mexico, for all of its amassed power and this show of fanaticism, is by no means assured. It faces problems more difficult than in many countries. These spring in part from its insistence upon fighting for political and material power, a battle which has been decided against it in most countries of the world. It has preferred to repeat the dreary but disastrous struggles between Church and State which have disrupted so many countries. As a result, today, not only the political and material might of the Mexican Church is on the wane but also its spiritual strength. It has found itself without the moral energy to confront the conditions of modern Mexico. Since the days when its renegade priests, Hidalgo and Morelos (the heroes of independence) were excommunicated, no important cleric has lifted his voice to utter a single constructive message for the distressed country of which he is a part; there are those who even deny that the Church has inculcated the true doctrines of Christianity. Today the Church, though it still may destroy the peace of the

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country, though it still schemes for outside interference, while loudly iterating its patriotism, has its back to the wall. When in August the National League of Religious Defense circularized the foreign legations appealing for outside intervention in behalf of the Church, that, in itself, was indicative of the Church's failure to found its strength on native forces. This same lack of perspective led the League, with the approbation of the Archbishop to call a boycott to "paralyze the economic and social life of the country." Yet sooner or later, the principles—if not all the details—that have been embodied in the Mexican constitutions of 1857 and 1917 must be accepted by the Church if Mexico is to form part of the modern world.

Once one of the balance-wheel institutions of the Mexican superstate, along with the army, the colonial government, the aristocracy, the land-owning interests, the Spanish Aztec Church not only has lost that position of doubtful preeminence, but much of its moral vitality. It has proved itself unable to adjust itself to the evolving needs of the Mexican people. It is being ground between a number of forces. On the one hand, it confronts the Indian renascence, latent in the independence movement, which found outlet in the Juárez Reformation, which was paralyzed during the Porfirio Díaz epoch, but which is one of the startlingly important manifestations of the 1910-20 revolution. On the other hand, it is face to face with a great national urge, and just as the earlier Fascisti in Italy opposed the Church, not for religious but for nationalist reasons, so the Mexican Government declares today that no single institution can defy the national sovereignty and disobey the laws of the land. From still another quarter the Church in Mexico is battered by the newer force of labor and peasant freedom. Still a fourth factor, that has tended to undermine not only Catholicism but all creeds, is Modernism, that system and psychology which is the outgrowth of our materialistic age.

PERHAPS the most powerful direct tendency of the Mexican revolution is nationalism. The Aztec empire quite unconsciously was in the midst of a struggle to create a Mexican nation when the Spaniards came upon the scene. The *conquistadores* paralyzed this native effort, though they provided other unifying factors: force, the superstate, the Spanish language, the Church. Mexico became finally independent in 1824, but it is still in the process of becoming a nation: its racial composition is still diverse and not politically coherent; the bias of its ruling institutions has remained foreign, not Mexican. The first true spirit of national integrity was aroused by the American war of conquest concluded in 1848—symbolized by the noble gesture of the boy cadets of Chapultepec Castle, who held the United States army at bay and finally wrapped themselves in the Mexican flag and flung themselves from the high parapets upon the jagged rocks rather than submit to the Yankee, the Gringo. The Díaz epoch saw a return of the foreign-rule psychology, and the giving away of the country to outside capital without guarantees for the Republic. The revolutionary era just closed, which began with a slogan of effective suffrage, culminated in the singularly nationalistic constitution of 1917, which has recently been put into more effective force by the laws pushed through by President Calles. The petroleum laws, the foreign-property laws, the foreign-registration laws, the mineral and irrigation laws, the non-foreign priest law—all these are indications, not so much of proletarian, as of nationalistic intent—a spirit of conservation of nature-power and man-power, a limitation of the reckless liberties of the foreigner, a passing of the good old days when an American was above the law. This nationalism has pervaded all governmental activities; it has permeated the Labor movement. Luis N. Morones, leader of the latter, has stated "We must put the black and red of the labor flag alongside the national red, white, and green, not above it."

Inevitably this nationalistic tendency has affected the Church. Though the schismatic movement of last year carried in its wake only forty-eight priests, now Government pressure is accompliishing a somewhat similar process within the orthodox church. The Mexican State—as has occurred in other countries—will not tolerate any delimitation of sovereignty by a single institution obeying orders from an outside power. Neither the Government nor the Constitution recognizes the institutional "personality" of the Church, so insisted upon in the letter of the episcopate to President Calles (August 19). Both the Constitution and the Government declare that the priests must be considered as professionals subject to direct legal control. This then is one phase of the nationalist tendency—to create national institutions. . . .

The Mexican Labor movement, rising to power, turns, not against the Church doctrines but against the Church authority. In some countries there has been a Christian Socialist movement; in Italy and elsewhere, strong Catholic labor unions; but the desire of the present-day labor movement throughout the world is to conquer a better material existence upon this earth even before reaching Heaven. The twentieth century worker discovers that the Church not infrequently lends itself to the forces of oppression. In Mexico I have seen *hacendados,* landed proprietors, cynically lead their peasants on their knees for fully a kilometer to the chapel door, after a day of terrible toil in the fields. Federico Gamboa in his Vengeance of the Soil begins his first act with the following description: "Two by two the peons pass in lamentable procession of herded humanity, bent double by the weight of the tools on their shoulders and by their misery. They uncover their unfortunate heads as they approach the chapel." They come after the day's toil to find consolation, not in an effort to improve their lot, but in the church, to sing the evening *"alabado."* Many a manufacturer—and among them an American representative of international notoriety—finds it advisable as a good safeguard against sabotage to have the machines blessed by the priest with holy water and prayers, before they are put into use. How can the faithful have anything but reverence and submission to that which is holy? And in many places the peons who toil all week have had to put in their Sundays doing Sunday chores about the Church. The early literature of the Mexican working movement—as might be expected—contains strong invectives against ecclesiastical exploitation, its system of tithes and firsts, its numerous fees for every normal act of life, which have kept the peon and the worker in eternal debt slavery, and indenture handed down from father to son. The persistent financial system of the Church in Mexico is described by Julio Guerrero in his Genesis of Crime in Mexico (p. 289ff)—the classic sociological study of Mexico:

From the walls of the most humble chapel to the most sumptuous columns and altars of the cathedrals there are, in

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Crowds of people stood in line at the door of the cathedral, Mexico City, to buy confirmation tickets, July 29, just before "the strike"

all the temples, collection boxes with signs begging contributions for the cult, for the candles for the *Divinísimo,* or for the general needs of the Church. Before beginning the ceremonies, during them, and on their termination, sacristans, acolytes, and even pretty girls chosen for their good-looks, go stepping on dresses, jumping over the kneeling ones, to beg—copper or silver tray in hand—a coin from each of the parishoners. . . . The sermons have as their obligatory epilogue, the begging of alms from the faithful. . . . There are established also brotherhoods and associations under the aegis of some saint; and the president or rector, either a man or a woman, collects daily, weekly, and monthly donations from the members, which are afterwards turned over to the respective chaplains; as it happens, without accounting or receipt, in order that a door may be left open for the prior deduction of the honorarium for collecting.

But the fiscal expedients of the Clergy are not limited to this voluntary assessment. . . . Though baptism is necessary, according to it, to blot out the original sin . . . if the priest is not paid to apply the holy oil and mumble his Latinisms, the child will not be redeemed from the demon. Although wedlock is indispensable in order to sanctify love, unless the mass, chants, and the antiphonies are paid for, the marriage will not be celebrated, even though a match be frustrated or the pair lives in free love. In order to get souls out of Purgatory masses must be said, but if the priest who delivers the diploma of liberty is not paid, the soul of the relative will remain in the flames of purification until he finishes his sentence. . . . Indulgences remove the sorrow of sin, shorten the sufferings in Purgatory, and can even stave off eternal damnation when one dies in mortal sin: but if these are not paid for by buying the nine days of mass in which these things are conceded or the special bulls which are required, the divine decision is irremissibly consummated. The efficacy of the sacerdotal service is manifested even in the ills of this life: it can cure sicknesses and prevent accidents; but for this one must have a medallion, a scapulary, one must put a ribbon on the head, a ribbon which will be the measure of the head of the Virgin of Tepeyac, or of any other miraculous image; one must recite the rosary; and for all this there has been established a little shop of mystic trinkets at the portal of every temple. Prayer is more effective when accompanied by a candle; but candles cost money, and as soon as those who offer them go away, the sacristan puts them out, gathers them up, and resells them to the candle-shops.

Señor Guerrero concludes:

It is very difficult to encounter among the enemies of the Church, in the most virulent pages of Voltaire or in the anathemas of Luther, any accusation that has more undermined the prestige of the priesthood and the Catholic religion in Mexico than this exploitation so patent to every eye, so systematized and cynical, this robbing of every pocket, putting into practice all the tricks of the charlatan, to get money, taking advantage of every misfortune precisely in the moments of anguish resulting from the most cruel tribulations.

This burden rests upon the poor. It is one of the reasons, not to mention the more reactionary alliances of the Clergy at the present moment, that has set organized labor in Mexico definitely against the institutionalized aspects of the Church. In the last convention of the C. R. O. M., (the Regional Confederation of Labor, Mexico's leading labor organization) President Calles openly attacked the present alliance of the Church and Press. The latter, he charged, is in the hands of "evil elements" devoted to "immoralities and orgies," elements which "had seized the banner of religion to incite a new civil war" rather than support the Government in its attempts to enforce the 1917 constitution. The convention passed a pointed resolution to the effect that "the Roman Apostolic Church" had been "the enemy of the nation" from the days of Hidalgo and Maximilian and Juárez to the present time through its continuous efforts to bring about foreign intervention; that it is the enemy of progress and liberty through its aid to the foes of labor and civilization; that it is the enemy of the C. R. O. M. because it is now attempting to organize the workers "along reactionary lines" to combat the existing organization.

In connection with the efforts to solve the land problem, the Church has found itself on the side of the proprietors, never the peasants. Local Church authorities have excommunicated local agrarian commissions (as in Chihuahua where most of the arable land of the state had been owned by the Terrazas family), and have threatened non-absolution to those accepting land from such commissions. A member of the Vera Cruz commission, during the time of Carranza, detailed to me the various ways in which the Church obstructed the Government's work. In one instance two villages, petitioning for more acreage, preferred—because of the threat of excommunication—to rob each other by force rather than accept land which a few years previously had been held illegally by the Church.

Another factor which the Church in Mexico—as in other portions of the world—faces is the general trend of modern philosophy. Nietsche, pragmatism, relativity all contain principles and ideas at variance with the platonic absolutism of Catholic dogmas. The miracles have not yet reconciled themselves with modern science. All the anti-Catholic tendencies of modern thinking have converged in the minds of the living Mexican intellectuals—Caso, Vasconcelos, Toledano, Rivera, Reyes, Dr. Atl. Not only this modern thinking, but the modern system challenges the Church—all the tremendous material expansion of our day. It is with true instinct that the National League of Religious Defense in Mexico has instituted an economic (*Continued on page* 47)

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On July 30 of this year, many middle class women walked barefoot, four miles from the capital, out to Guadelupe Hidalgo to attend mass

The Church Side of the Mexican Conflict

By FRANCIS C. KELLEY D. D., Bishop of Oklahoma

LED into the mystery that is Mexico twelve years ago by sympathy for exiled priests and teachers whose hunger and misery I was commissioned to relieve, I have ever since remained interested for other reasons, chief of which is her wonderful, but sad, story. Now and then during these twelve years I have written on Mexico, forced by the necessity of correcting misstatements and bringing out the truth. Two astonishing facts have constantly faced me: that the history of Mexico is either not known to American writers or is wilfully perverted by them; and that these same writers justify for Mexico what is in plain conflict with American principles and even with the principles of Christian civilization.

Perhaps the chief reason for all this is found in the fact that American interest in Mexico usually arises out of her troubles. We hear of Mexico only when there is a fight on below the Rio Grande. Immediately a flood of "literature" starts to justify the acts of the party securing our national ear. We are not fed history but propaganda. Ninety-nine per cent of Americans know absolutely nothing about Mexican history or Mexican conditions but what they have learned in that way.

The propagandists, usually working out of the Mexican consulates, have a sort of stock in trade. It is summed up thus: The Spanish conquerors destroyed a greater civilization than they gave; the Church failed to educate the natives; the Church possessed two-thirds—sometimes they say one-third—of the productive property of the country; the Church mixed in politics; the revolution aims to give the people free government, schools, and better social conditions. Four-fifths of that is false and the rest very doubtful. The Spanish conquerors found in Mexico a condition of cannibalistic savagery unequaled anywhere on earth. The old civilization of the early tribes had been swept away centuries before the Spaniards came. This is shown chiefly by the writings of such men as Bandelier and Lummis. Susan Hale, in her History of Mexico, sums up the case for which Bandelier furnished the facts thus:

Empires and palaces, luxury and splendor, fill the accounts of the Spaniards; and imagination loves to adorn the halls of the Montezumas with the glories of an oriental tale. Later explorers, with the fatal penetration of our time, destroy the splendid vision, reducing the emperor to a chieftain, the glittering retinue to a horde of savages, the magnificent civilization, devoted to art, literature and luxury, to a few handfuls of pitiful Indians, quarreling with one another for supremacy; and sighs to think his sympathies may have been wasted on the sufferings of an Aztec sovereign, dethroned by the invading Spaniard.

It ought to be clearly understood from the beginning that,

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in spite of protestations by the Mexican president and his propagandists, religious liberty as we know it does not exist in Mexico and it is not even proposed that it shall ever exist. Religious liberty, as we understand it, is not one of the "inalienable rights'" referred to by our Declaration of Independence as far as Mexico is concerned. The laws themselves show that. American principles are supposed to be set forth in Mexico's Constitution of 1857, but the Laws of Reform added to it destroy their force and pervert their meaning. Let it be understood then that Mexico is not doing us the compliment of copying our toleration and our idea of a free church in a free state. Mexico is doing the opposite. Her present government stands for an enslaved or destroyed church in a state made by revolution and upheld by military power and false elections.

THE propagandists talk beautifully of President Calles' desire to separate church and state, but fail to say that church and state were separated about seventy years ago. Of course this is dishonesty, but what is a lie more or less when the lie is the rule? When pressed they admit that there is no union of church and state in Mexico but say that the Catholic Church wants one. Now I have, for twelve years, been a writer on Mexican church affairs in the United States. As such I have repeatedly stated from first-hand knowledge what the Catholic Church wants, in the press, in pamphlets, to our Senate and to our President. She asks for the same religious liberty that exists in these United States and nothing more. She will take nothing less. The present trouble can be settled within one hour after the Mexican government has squared its record by accepting this fundamental principle of simple justice and democracy. That would seem a reasonable basis for a settlement.

To show plainly how sadly the Mexican government's idea of religious liberty fails to reach our standard, I take the chief articles of President Calles' recent decree as boiled down by the editor of a western daily and reproduce them with my own comments:

1. *"No foreigner may exercise the religious profession in Mexico."*

Had that point been law in the days of Christ, it would have forbidden His teaching outside the little kingdom in which He was born. Had it been Roman law, it would have silenced the preaching of the Apostles. Had it been a world law, it would have prevented the establishment of Christianity everywhere.

2. *"Education must be given in official schools and be secular. No religious corporation or minister of any creed may establish or direct schools of primary instruction."*

Had this point been law in Europe it would have prevented the establishment of any schools for at least seventeen centuries, as well as the foundation of nine-tenths of all existing colleges and universities. It would have prevented the foundation of more than half the universities in the United States.

3. *"Religious orders, convents and monasteries will be dissolved."*

Had this been law in the United States over one-half our

Interior of the cathedral, Mexico city, two days before the priests "went on strike"

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hospitals, two-thirds of our orphanages, and about the same proportion of charitable institutions would never have been.

4. *"Any minister who incites the people to refuse to acknowledge public institutions or to obey the laws will be severely punished."*

Which means that free citizens may not exercise one of the fundamental rights of free citizenship. It would put all the reformers of the past, good and bad, in jail, with such revolutionists as Juarez, Carranza, Obregon and Calles.

5. *"No publication, either religious or merely showing marked tendencies in favor of religion, may comment on national-political affairs."*

In the United States that law would hit not only the religious papers but also the Christian Century, the Outlook, the Independent and the Literary Digest. It might even cause The Survey to step very carefully. It really does away with all liberty of the press, for any kindly reference to religion would put any paper under the ban.

6. *"No organization may be formed whose title has any word or any indication that it is connected with religious ideas."*

Exeunt the Methodist Book Concern, the Baptist Publication Society, the Knights of the Maccabees, the Knights Templar, and the Y. M. C. A.

7. *"Political meetings may not be held in churches."*

This would have been bad for the Anti-Saloon League in the days that are gone. But when has the Catholic Church ever permitted churches to be used for such purposes?

8. *"All religious acts must be within the walls of the churches."*

Masonic and Elk funeral services at the grave, as well as the burial services conducted by clergymen, are thus illegal. The Salvation Army of course is under the ban.

9. *"No religious order or creed may possess or administer property or capital."*

This would mean in our country the confiscation of all the endowments of the majority of American colleges and nearly half of the funds of the universities; the closing of all poor churches, slum missions and other religious charitable institutions not fully self-supporting.

10. *"The churches are the property of the nation. Other ecclesiastical properties, such as bishops' palaces, houses, seminaries, asylums, colleges, convents, and all buildings constructed for religious purposes, pass into the possession of the nation, the use to which they are to be put to be determined by the government."*

That point finishes off the first point which forbade any foreign clergyman to officiate in Mexico, for it would prevent any Mexican from becoming a clergyman, since it closes the seminaries used for his training and education. But that is only one of its effects. It is basically an attack on the right of private property. Any property suspected as being held for religious purposes may be seized—some has been seized—and its owners robbed. No proprietor may safely rent a house to a clergyman for fear of confiscation. The right of trial by jury is denied in such cases by the express wording of the law.

No. 11 fixes penalties for the violation of the above ten points and others not listed.

I defy any honest man to stand up and say that these laws are not a denial of religious liberty, a disgraceful tyranny, and an insult to civilization. If "man is endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights" and "among these is life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," surely the Mexican government does not know it or ignores the fact when known.

President Calles may, as he does, urge that there are exceptional conditions justifying the laying aside of admitted democratic principles of right and justice. But can he lay them aside? He cannot, unless he accepts the theory that the end justifies the means; that a principle of right may be suppressed for the sake of a political policy or for the support of a political party. This is a mighty dangerous position for any government to take, and one that in the end would spell ruin to any nation. We tried to do that by attempting to reconcile the Declaration of Independence and slavery. We paid in blood and almost in national disruption.

LET me examine the excuses that do not excuse. Here they are: "The Church oppressed the people by the collection of tithes and offerings till she possessed one-third of the wealth of Mexico." "She did nothing for their social, moral or educational uplift." "She broke the law." "She mixed in politics." "She opposed the Constitution." "She will not knuckle down to the idea of a State supreme in all things."

The last charge shall be first. Is the State supreme? Not if the words of the Declaration of Independence are true. Not if there is a natural law above the power of the state. Not if there are human liberties beyond the right of the state to destroy. But if the Declaration is true, President Calles is not only wrong, he is a persecutor, a thief, a traitor to his country and to the cause of progress and civilization. Neither the Catholic Church nor any other religious body holds the law of the state to be above the laws of conscience. The Puritans did not. The Catholics of Maryland did not. If Calles is right, Christianity is wrong, America is wrong, civilization is wrong.

I consider some of the other charges without for an instant admitting that, even if true, they would justify the things done by the Mexican government.

Did the Catholic Church in Mexico ever have one-third or two-thirds of the wealth of the nation? Calles makes the charge, but no one, thus far, has attempted to prove it. What are the facts?

Before 1857 the invested funds of the Church were ordered seized by the King of Spain for his own purposes. That was in 1804, fifty-three years before Juarez and the Laws of Reform. The crown of Spain secured $10,507,957.49. (*Boletin de la Soc. Mex. de Geo. y Est. Primera Epoca.* Vol. I, p. 137). But the King did not take all, for it was seen at once that the confiscation would cripple the educational and social work of Mexico. The actual amount of these invested funds for all Mexico was $44,500,000. (*Coleccion Davalos,* Vol. II, p. 866).

The annual revenue of the Church by tithes, which was the form of collection for its support, is given by Humboldt. (Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain; Edition of 1822, Vol. III, p. 96). During twenty years it averaged $1,584,048.90. The highest point was reached in 1809, when it amounted to $3,451,859.19. Over and above this, the monastic orders of men had $1,825,093 in invested funds, with an income of $147,047 from farm lands, $195,553 from city property, and annual offerings from the people of about $163,000. Such revenues would produce about $1.20 per day for each male member of a monastic order, leaving nothing for upkeep of buildings, books, etc. The income of nuns, based on the figures for investments

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and offerings, would give each nun $1.10 a day. (Mora: *El Libro de mis Recuerdos, p. 21 et seq.*).

The total amount of the wealth of the Church, including investments, farms, and actual buildings, was placed by Dr. Mora, "the original authority for the tradition regarding the great wealth of the Church in Mexico," at $179,163,754. Duarte (*Disc. de Curiosidades Historicas,* p. 82) put it at $184,614,800. When the Juarez confiscation was completed, the government, it is needless to say, had not profited by any such amount, but there was a new crop of potential millionaires growing in the country.

It is but just to note that all this represented the savings of the Church and of her teaching and charitable orders, numbering thousands, for three hundred years. These received no personal salary. Now, the Baptist denomination in the United States is far from three hundred years old. The Year Book for that denomination for 1916 gives some standard of comparison for judging whether or not the Catholic Church in Mexico had accumulated beyond reasonable protection for her work. In 1916 the Baptists here had a population of 6,107,686. The year 1910 gave Mexico a total population of 6,122,354—approximately the same as the Baptists of America in 1916. Had Mexico too many churches? She had 10,112 while the American Baptists had 51,248. Was Mexico priest-ridden? She had 7,341 clergymen, while the Baptists had 36,926. For churches and unproductive property the Church in Mexico shows $30,031,894 (Mora's tables) and the Baptists in America $173,705,800 (Year Book). Today the Baptist denomination in the United States, after a little over one hundred years of existence, has about $100,000,000 in productive property, 60,000 churches, 50,000 ministers, $30,000,000 annual income, 7,500,000 adherents. The Catholic Church in Mexico has 15,000,000 adherents, 5,000 clergymen, 10,000 churches, no productive property, and an income, estimated on the fact that her 5,000 clergy must get at least enough to live on, of about $15,000,000. These figures speak for themselves. At its richest, the Church in Mexico had less than a certain American millionaire made in the course of his lifetime; less than the endowments of three American universities.

To go deep into the social, moral and educational work of the Church in Mexico within the limitations of this paper is impossible. But there is room for some remarks.

For the last seventy years the Catholic Church has no account to render as to charitable or educational works. She was forbidden the right to teach or even to open schools. She did it, of course. That is why she is charged with violating the law. So good were the schools she thus opened and conducted that her very persecutors were careful to entrust their children to no others. One example is that of President Calles himself. Two of his children went to a Sisters' school in Mexico City, and one to a Sisters' academy in Los Angeles, California. Teachers of his children from Mexico City are now in exile in Oklahoma. But let that pass.

I shall take a quotation from the letter of one Geronimo Lopez to the King of Spain (*Col. de Doc. para la Hist. de Mex.,* Vol. II, p. 148). Senor Lopez did not like the fact that the Church was educating the natives. He complains that the friars had taught them to read and write. "It is a marvel to see them, there are so many, and such good writers." He says he could not count the number of these excellent "scriveners." He worries about their learning Latin, too, which he says they speak "like another Cicero, and every day the number grows." Why not? The Laws of the Indies, the Letters of the King, and the legislation of the Provincial Council of the Church in Mexico, all unite in commanding the establishment of schools.

There were schools in every mission, colleges in the cities, and a university in the capital long before Harvard. Quotations could be multiplied over and over. Names like Humboldt, dates, and authorities could easily be cited. But why? The whole land of Mexico is covered with schools in ruins or put to base uses, practically all built by the Church. To erase the educational record of the Church in Mexico, President Calles would have to blow every city in the land into small pieces. You sleep in former schools when you go to some of the hotels. You visit them when you enter a government building. If you go to jail, it is more than likely that you will occupy a cell that was once the study of a professor, or be tried in a court room that was built for a school library.

As to social works, who, pray, built the hospitals and orphanages now either mismanaged by the government, turned to other use, or in ruin? I could list them in every part of Mexico from the Rio Bravo to Oaxaca, from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan. Contrast this with what Cortes found: "In aboriginal Mexico there was neither state nor nation nor political society of any kind; . . . The notion of the abstract ownership of the soil, either by nation or state, or by the head of its government, was unknown; . . . The procuring of subsistence by means of warfare is the widest field of tribal action known to aboriginal Mexico." (Bandelier: Annual Reports of the Peabody Museum, 10th, 11th & 12th).

If the truth were known, as it should be, this fact would stand out for all the world to see: The Catholic Church drew Mexico up from the blackest savagery ever known to a people; put her on the road to progress and culture; showed her children by examples taken from among their own numbers what powers were theirs; made out of them governors and teachers, artists and publicists, philosophers and statesmen; gave them schools, and an alphabet through which alone their language and story have been preserved; taught them to design and build the finest architectural masterpieces on this continent; Christianized them and civilized them; before the ruthless hands of greed and personal ambition began the work of destruction.

The game being played by the Mexican government here among us is easy to see through. The trump cards are the prejudices of Protestants against Catholics. But after—what? Once the principles are destroyed, who is safe? Protestants have little at stake in Mexico, but they have much at stake in the United States. Every word they now speak to help atheism destroy the Catholic Church in Mexico may soon be used against them to destroy Protestantism in the United States; and some Protestants are inviting the attempt by playing fast and loose with American ideals. And it is not religion alone that is in danger. The press, the colleges, social works, universities, the family and the home, are all threatened if such ideas as those upheld by Calles and his friends are excused or palliated. Blasco Ibanez once announced a forthcoming novel on Mexico called The Eagle and the Snake. It might well be the Eagle of this free Continent and the Snake of Mexican banditry coiled up on the seats of the mighty in the palace of Chapultepec.

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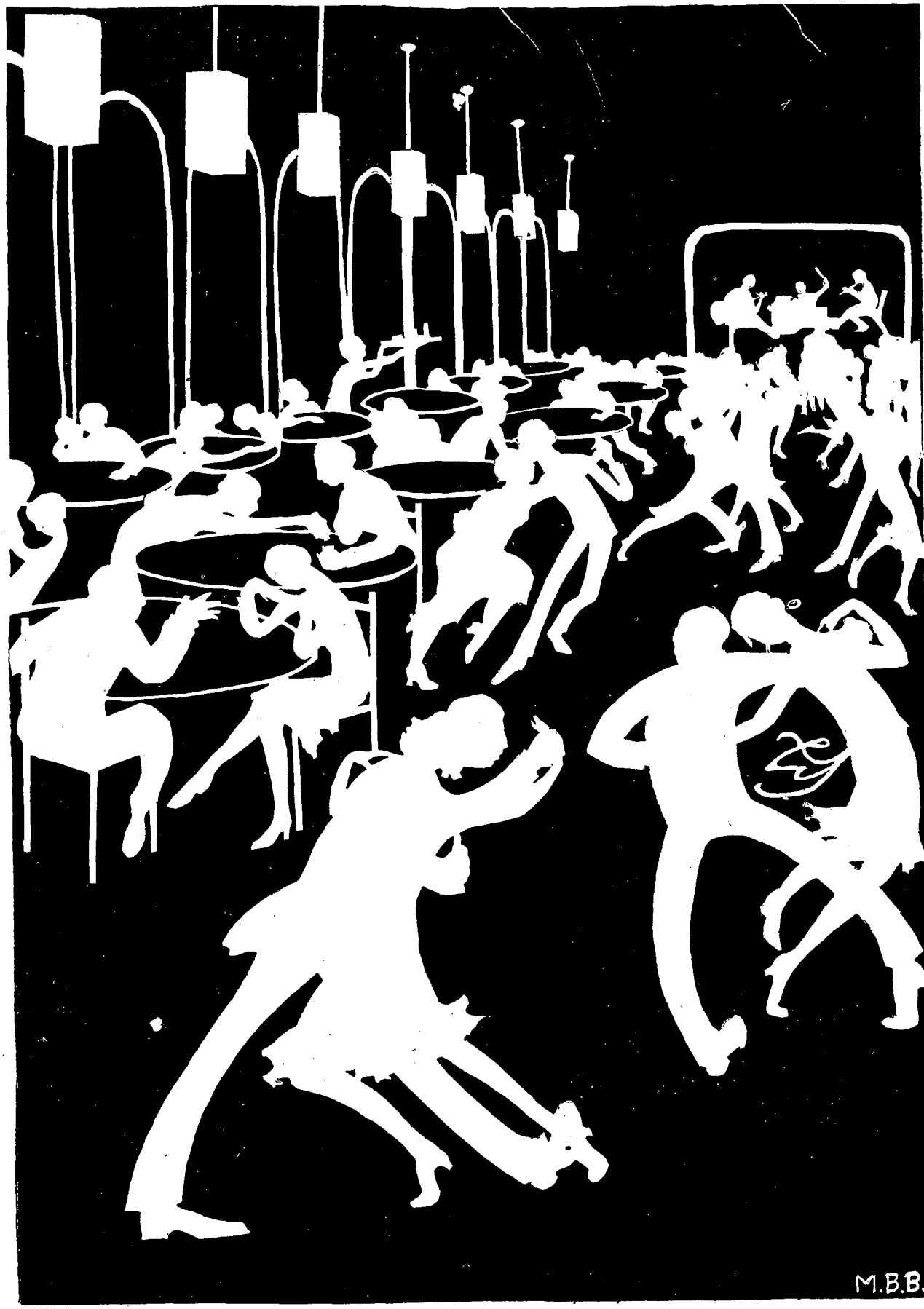

II—LOOKING ON AT YOUTH IN A CABARET—Scissors Picture by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE
Searching for the springs of action that involve the hip flask and the ragged edge of decency

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"Ish"

Susie Psychoanalyzes the All-American Family

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

SUSIE'S brother owned a radio. Neither he nor any of the family had the slightest understanding of ether waves, electrons, or heterodynes. Nevertheless, they could all turn the dial, tune in on Schenectady five hundred miles away, and listen to a saxophone solo, whether they understood the principle of the thing or not. At least they could until it suddenly went dumb.

And her brother also owned a Ford, the actual mechanics of which were equally dark to him. But everyone in the family from Grandpa down to little sister could start the car and drive to the grocery. At least they all could, until suddenly the Ford wouldn't start. When these emergencies occurred, there seemed nothing to do but to call in the electrician and garage man, and ignominiously haul off both machines for repairs. This so disgusted Susie's brother that he determined to read up some popular science magazines, and learn how to make his own repairs next time.

Precisely the same evolution of opinion took place with Susie and a few friends with respect to another mechanism and another science.

"My family has sure got bats in its belfry," Susie had complained one day at the office. "If something don't happen pretty soon, I'll go nuts myself. I can feel it coming."

"What's wrong?" asked one of the other stenographers.

It appeared that there had been many crises, but the latest had centered about supper the previous evening.

Art (his mother's pride) had recently married Myra (her mother's pride) and to save extra rent had brought his wife home to live. They had rooms and a kitchenette on the second floor, where they planned to entertain their friends. But the bride, not having had much kitchen experience, had become hysterical over a guest dinner which showed no likelihood of being served on time. She had thereupon abandoned her housewifely efforts, and her husband and his guest had found the kitchenette a riot of uncooked vegetables and overcooked meat, and the bride in a semi-comatose state as near under the bath-tub as she could crawl.

"Gee—what did he do then? I bet your mother thought she was terrible," chorused the other clerks.

"Do? What do you suppose my mother did?" snorted Susie. "She invited both the boys down and gave them a swell meal, tickled to death that Art had to come back to Mama. Art said he guessed his old boarding house was good enough for him, and of course Myra went home and got fed by *her* mother—and now we're all mad and don't speak. By the time rows like that have happened twice a week for six months it gets on your nerves."

"I tell Art, I says, 'Why can't you run your own affairs without help?' But my mother, she says, 'Art is my boy still, and sha'n't go hungry.' Hungry! Why can't he fry himself an egg once in a while? Why can't he eat a hot dog and shut up? Why should he always think he's the cat's whiskers?"

"Ain't Myra kind of dum?" suggested the file clerk.

"Dum? Of course she's dum. She always was. But give the kid a chance, I say, before we're all bughouse. Why does Art always expect to get the white meat? Where do the rest of us come in?"

"If you're up against Mama's pet, I guess you don't come in at all," was the filing clerk's dry response. "Myra might as well apply for papers now as any time. If your brother has got a good meal ticket, he should worry about a wife."

"We all got our own troubles," sighed Miss Deely. "There's my kid sister. We four girls have done everything for that kid—kept her in school, bought her nice clothes, and fussed over her like hens over one chicken. All we've got for our pains is a sassy, boy-cracked flapper. That's all she is. She says there are enough old maids in the family as it is—but that's no way to talk," sighed Miss Deely.

"All the kids are like that nowadays," volunteeered a switch-board girl powdering her nose on her way to lunch. "My aunt adopted a girl out of an asylum and brought her up like her own. They haven't much to do with, either, but is that kid grateful? Not on your life she ain't. She makes up the most awful lies about how grand her people were. And they were absolutely no good. My aunt knows that for a fact, and has told her so good and proper. But does it stop her? You ought to hear her tell the other kids how her father owned gold mines in Mexico and her mother was a swell actress. They're wise—they just string her along."

"It ain't only kids lie," laughed the filing clerk. "I had an aunt who claimed to be engaged to a guy who died, and how she did rave—hysterics, crepe, and everything. But my mother says they found out there never *was* any guy. She says she knows for a fact my aunt made the whole thing up."

"Made it up?" "What an old maid will do." "So's your old man!" giggled the other clerks.

"It's all very well to laugh at freaks—but what if you have to live with one?" sniffed the girl at the information desk. "My sister's husband is so jealous, that he's like a wild man. When she bobbed her hair, he started to bite—actually he did. He's sorry afterwards, but it's something terrible while it lasts."

"God bless our home," sighed Susie as the office manager approached and the typewriters began to click again.

IT was testimony meetings like this, that finally determined Susie and her friends to study the psychology of the emotions, and some of them came to us. Not that they all did. Far from it. Some of them chose a course with an Indian Swami, whose turban was so large that they felt sure that brains must be under it. And he only charged the modest price of fifteen dollars for five lectures about The Wisdom of the Ages on Love and Hate. As one of them said, "You'd almost pay that much for five shows and no education." Some of the others took a three weeks' course with a brisk lady who charged nothing at all except twenty-five dollars for a book aptly entitled, The Nutshell, where you could at any time look up the points you might have forgotten. And the leather alone was worth the price of the book.

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But a few of them took a sober course with us, unadorned with turbans or embossed covers. And at the end of it, the instructor, if not the girls, had learned a good deal about the psychology of the All-American family, somewhat as follows:

In the first place let me state that Susie requires no persuasion to accept the most sophisticated psychology which the analytical mental hygiene of the day may supply. No cooling draughts could be more eagerly swallowed than Susie swallows the drives and repressions, the introversions and the inferiority complexes, which for the first time seem to put some method into the madness of herself and her friends. That is, she swallows them if they are not called by their official names. If Susie is thirsty, she wants water and not H_2O. And if you are explaining the libido—"Why not say you can't help getting stuck on things, and say what you mean?" asks Susie. For in Susie's life a rich emotional experience must be poured through the narrowest of linguistic funnels if it is to be analyzed and understood. She is completely without the tradition or the equipment for precision in speech, although no one could be more sensitive to peculiarity in behavior. For example, if Susie were asked to make a census of her acquaintances according to their psycho-pathological behavior her list of patients would be pretty accurate. She is a sleuth for detecting the symptoms and an excellent mimic at taking them off. "Did you see that sheik over there—the guy with the marcel? It's a cinch he'd look swell in skirts. And say, did you see Delia's latest bob—and her starched collar? Who does she think she is? Her brother? She needn't hang around me with her boxes of candy. These ginks dressed up like someone else make me feel ISH. And the way Miss Deely rails against the chief clerk—why can't she let him alone? Looks like she was glad of any excuse to talk about him—the old girl's eyes look wild when she raves."

Whereas we may have half a dozen synonymous words for the same emotional fact, Susie may have made a dozen acute psychological observations, and ISH or the HEEBE-JEEBBE'S, must cover all of them. She is like a sharp little dog, who would like to talk but can only bark. And she has a further handicap. It is all very well for mature students of the mind to discuss human vagaries in the abstract, and quite another for young actors in the drama to discuss their own problems in concrete detail, which is the only way they can discuss anything.

SUSIE'S habitual method of meeting emotional crises in others is to have one of her own; to rail, to sob, to throw a tantrum. In fact she is rather proud of her ability to "see red" at times. But to dissect the episode in class after it is over seems hardly refined. It feels morbid. It reeks slightly of the morgue. In fact, till she is used to it, it makes her feel a trifle ISH. In vain to urge her to "externalize," to "project herself," and throw other verbal brickbats at her. The quickest method is to appeal to a device which she thoroughly understands—the movies. Tell her to gaze at her domestic problems as if she were looking at a movie entitled—"What's the matter with Susie and her family?" It is an imaginative trick which sharpens her observation, tickles her sense of humor, and gives her the thrill that all of us experience, when passing real railway trains without interest, we pay a quarter to see them on the screen. It is the artistic device of framing a picture. She attains objectivity without knowing it.

But what did we learn from our survey of the course of Susie's domestic events? In the first place, Susie is not disposed to consider that any sex interpretation of behavior is overdone. "You can't overdo it," she says. "Why, my kid brother in the first grade had a mock wedding with his little sweetheart, and thinks he's married to her. You can't get it out of his head. And say, you ought ta see the baby flirt with her grandfather. She can get anything out of him—regular vamp. Never too young for old ideas or too old for young ones, 'za way I see it." She can furnish enough anecdotes of early and late infatuations to illustrate any moral one may wish to point. Her shows, her conversation, her magazines, her movies, her jokes, are saturated with sex in all its phases, veiled and unveiled. Why quarrel with a science that does no more than admit the obvious? Let Mr. Freud try to shock Susie, and all he will get for his pains is —"Say boy, ain't it the truth?" Furthermore Susie agrees heartily with all the analytical psychologists from Sophocles to the latest biographer of neurotic genius in the statement that the emotional life gets its pattern from the supreme, dominating influence of the Mother. Susie's "fella" and the other "fellas" are the ostensible object of her dreams. But the smooth course of these dreams depends upon how her own mother and her "fella's" mother choose to behave.

"My mother's real nice. She lets the fellas call on me." "My mother, she says, if I step out I can stay out—and I'm going to." "My mother, she don't care what I do, she only cares about my brother." "My mother says she hopes I get married, but she don't. She wants me to stick around her." "I can't take a housework job. I never left my mother at night. I'd get homesick." "My mother, she talks that way to you but she knows what was going on. She needed the money." "My mother and his made the trouble. We could have patched it up all right if they let us alone" and so on and so on. What Susie puts up with from her mother and her mother from her, proves nothing so much as that the tie between them, apparently shattered a thousand times, has the strength of steel. Often neither Susie nor her lover appear to love their mothers deeply, or admire hers overmuch —but her clutch on them is so strong that even if they succeed in tearing themselves away, the bleeding wound refuses to heal. Like the ancient sibyl she holds the shears of their emotional destiny in her hands. If Hamlet and Ophelia went mad it was Hamlet's mother who made them go.

WHEN it comes to father, the relation is more puzzling. He does not fit so neatly into his psychoanalytic niche. Whereas we encounter a fair number of father-daughter fixations—pale, gross, reflections of the Cenci family, these seldom occur in Susie's class. To the girl who does not know her dead or departed father, he becomes idealized into majestic proportions. But the average workingman apparently has slight leisure to indulge himself in getting acquainted with his daughters, normally, neurotically, or any other way. The halo of emotional importance so bright about the mother gleams fitfully around the paternal head.

When asked the reason for this we got an answer that would have been startling had we not already found it well nigh universal. It was because he "hollered."

"Hollered? What about?"

"Oh, about everything. Someone has his paper, or the kids make a lotta noise, or he don't want us to go out nights, or he just hollers to hear himself."

One girl whose hours out of school were devoted to keeping house for a bed-ridden father, and who had to walk a mile daily to buy the black bread he craved, said, "Oh, I

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don't mind. He's real good. He don't holler like most fathers."

And still another gave as her three dearest wishes to have a wrist watch, to play second base on the ball team, and to have her father always mad!"

"Always mad," we echoed in astonishment. "Don't you mean *never* mad?"

"No, mad all the time," she asserted with decision. "Because when he ain't mad, he just hollers. But when he's real mad, his neck swells up so he can't get a holler out, and I wish he'd stay swelled up!"

So much for poor irritable father, who like Mr. Spider, is apparently so secondary to mother and the children in the domestic drama, that he is obliged to holler till his neckband splits if he is to get any attention paid to him at all.

One day a working man, fumbling a note in a child's handwriting, wandered into our office by mistake. "My little girl, she sent me here my lunch hour to get wig-wag signals," he murmured apologetically, glancing with a shyly amused smile at his note. We directed him to where he could carry out his daughter's orders, reflecting as we did so, that a man who had taken his lunch hour to carry out his little girl's incomprehensible whims, would have no trouble in raising her either now or later; and he would do it without hollering.

But whatever the attitude of the parents, they do not compose the entire cast in the family drama. Around them hover a chorus of aunts and uncles, grand-parents, step-children, cousins and relatives by marriage. ("Think of your in-laws and have a good laugh," sniffs the ironic Susie). Everyone of these has a finger more or less in the emotional pie, and is liked or disliked in some irregular and unpredictable fashion. But they must be tolerated whether they are liked or not. "There's my aunt," explains Susie, "she's got to like us well enough to take us in when my mother's at the hospital, but not so much that she butts in with her opinion when she's not asked." And a girl's got to love her brother enough to give her wages to help him through school maybe, but not so much that she "cries herself cock-eyed" when he gets married. "Elsie was that jealous over Heinie, and it looked queer about her own brother." The class all agrees that there is a just-so-much, and not-too-much about loving one's family, that is not always attained. In fact, they took a vote on the question, "Does everyone in your family have a properly balanced feeling for everyone else in it?"

"No," shouted the class.

"Does any family that you know have it?"

"No," was the still more vociferous vote.

The main difficulty as they saw it (thereby agreeing with their psychiatric colleagues) was not in loving too little, but in loving too much, or too long. The libido is likely to be over-active, or as Susie says, "It gets stuck and can't stop."

"There's my mother," explains Veronica. "She says they came ten thousand miles to get away from the Austrians, and she could never look her mother in the face if I went and married Mike. But Mike says, her mother's dead and she ain't got to look her in the face. And if she came over here with Dad, why can't I go over into York state with him?"

THE vote is again unanimous that in a clash between one's mother and the sweetheart, the sweetheart must win. They agree that no movie where the mother successfully dictated the love affair, would get an audience. It would be ISH. On the other hand, they are scrupulously just.

"My mother," goes on Veronica, "she's worked out, and gone without new teeth, and got me a piano, and had my adenoids out, and now they bought a house—and she says, did she do all this just to have an Austrian sitting on her front porch? You know how Bohunks feel. She says she's my mother, and he's just a guy I met at a dance. She says the Austrians murdered my grandfather. But Mike says a guy has got to meet a girl somewheres, and a dance is as good a place as any. And he says it's a cinch *he* didn't murder anybody no matter what his grandfather done. But he says maybe he will if the old folks don't shut up. He's comical Mike is, but my mother says, 'What's he to her?' She says she loves me more than he does, but how does she know how much he loves me when she won't speak to him?"

And Veronica knits her brows over this ancient but recurring conflict between old and new loyalties (the dilemma of Romeo and Juliet, so happily solved by Abie and his Irish Rose) and she knows very well that she is going to forsake the proved love of her parents for the unproved lover exactly as did these other heroines. Her mother knows it too, and the futile abuse which flies between them merely springs from their over-strained affection.

THE class outlines this delicately adjusted evolution in family feeling somewhat as follows:

"You got to love your fella enough to leave your family for him, although you had to love them enough to stay with them until he came along. Then you got to love your babies enough to leave everyone (including your husband if necessary) to raise 'em; but don't go and expect much in return for they are just getting ready to go off and leave you with somebody *they* meet at a picnic or a dance.

In short loving them enough not to leave them under any circumstances must gradually evolve into loving them enough to leave them alone. Then is the time for Mother to turn back to the original "boy-friend" (who in the meantime has been metamorphosed into a "hollering" father) and pay a little attention to him, if there is anything left of him by that time to attend to! Thus the biological cycle of the family is outlined. "It sure is rough on your mother to try and keep her hands off, when she's spent her life keeping 'em on," they sigh.

"And it always seems harder on the women too," ruminates Susie. "If you got nerve enough to leave your mother and hop off with some guy—suppose you never meet the guy? There's Miss Deely now. Of course, she's full of prunes—but why wouldn't she be? She's the kind that woulda let a bunch of kids walk over her if she'd had any, and would 'uv taken in washing for a fella if she'd had one. And ain't it natural, with the lid pressed down on all that dynamite that no one wants, she nearly busts her typewriter sometimes? It's like saving all your money to buy tickets somewheres and then the train don't start. She says her mother came across from the old country and raised ten children. But Miss Deely ain't got nothing better to do with all that pep than torment her kid sister till she runs off to Hollywood. Now it's easier for a guy. If he don't want ta go, he don't buy his ticket. Or if he buys a ticket, he goes for a ride. But a girl's got to sit in the waiting room maybe a week—maybe ten years, ready to hop on almost any old freight if it comes along and not get restless if it don't. And then they wonder why we chew gum!"

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The class agrees that it is ISH not to feel enough, and ISH to feel too much, or feel at the wrong time, or toward the wrong person, or the wrong kind of feeling, or to keep up the feeling when the time for it is past. "Hell if you do, and hell if you don't. It's a great life if you don't weaken," Susie sums it up, and adds—"You might as well do what you want to, for whichever way you do it's sure to be wrong!"

If any cold critic asks what is the good of stirring up all this speculation, we can only answer that while Susie's brother is patching up the Ford, Susie may as well try to patch up the family that is, and learn to handle the family that is to be. To quote the concluding words of Mr. Flugel's Psychoanalytic Study of the Family—"It is very necessary that we should have a full and accurate knowledge of the way in which the mind is influenced by, and in its turn reacts upon the forms, circumstances, and conditions of the human family." If this is true of any family, far more of Susie's, for her happiness must be there if anywhere; she has no other sphere to take its place.

THERE are no accurate tests for successful family mechanics as there are for Fords, but we too have our testimonials.

One young woman drifts in with the remark, "My roommate said you were talking about me last night. And I says, 'What do you mean, talking about me, they never heard of me?' And she says you described me, every little thing I do, and told everything but my name. And I thought maybe I better come since you know me better than I do myself." When Esther, and again Paul, whose family tensions had resulted in behavior embarassing to themselves, had analyzed the reasons for it, the effect was almost startling. No verbal testimony was required to prove the change in Esther's facial expression from her hesitating entrance to her reluctant departure. And the light in Paul's eyes as he paced the room, voluntarily furnished corroborrative evidence of his new understanding, and fairly clapping his hands in relief, showed plainly enough that some nervous energy had been released. But of course, most of the results are not so showy. They consist merely of the enlightenment that comes with any new ideas which bring order out of chaos. If the topic is over-compensation for a crushing sense of inferiority, the factory girl sits motionless, her lips pressed tight, and with her eyes riveted on the speaker. If we speak of the extravagance of day dreams, two stenographers giggle nervously and nudge each other. Even the interpretation of night dreams comes as no shock to a group whose grandmothers have always told them that dreams go by contraries; "dream of a funeral, you'll have a wedding."

"I dreamed that I was going out with Jim," testified the telephone girl, "and there was only his head—nothing but his head. And I know why. His face is good looking, but I hate his loud suit—and don't like to tell him so. Gee, if we were like our dreams we'd all be in the nuthouse."

IF some family clash is analyzed into the fierce loyalty of the parents to their own paternal traditions in a country which ignores them, some foreign girls sigh, and nod their heads. And when narcissism in its various phases is discussed, the girls from the beauty parlor smile at each other and shrug their shoulders as much as to say—"Don't talk to us. We see it every day." Is it conditioned-reflexes? They can give a hundred examples. Obsessions? "Sure. Sometimes the tunes running in my head, drive me crazy." Delusions? "You can usually kid yourself into what you want to think." Escape from reality? "You bet your life. That's why we go to shows. I seen Abie three times. Can you beat it?"

In short, granted that they possess a vocabulary below the average psychologist, most of them have witnessed emotional upheavals somewhat more varied. Put your science in words that they can understand, and get the hearty compliment—"Say you beat the fortune teller." After many varieties of family disorder had been discussed (and in ten lessons we could not cover them all) they agreed that the wonder was not that there was so much friction, but that most of us got along as well as we did. If all the members of the family possessed affections requiring a growth, a climax, and a change of form, was it reasonable to suppose that all these curves of feeling would be timed in exact harmony? And in a five room house, at that!

"It's even a hard job sometimes to adjust the timer of your Ford," they remark.

"Gee, raising a family seems like hunting trouble with a gun," sighed Veronica at the last session. "The more you know about it, the more you wonder that anybody gets by."

TO which Susie made perhaps the wisest rejoinder that could ever comfort a human being in any crisis. "You'd think we couldn't do it," she said. Then added with a sagacity born of the true philosophic spirit, "You'd think that no one could ever do it right. *But look at the boobs that do!*"

THE END OF DAY

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

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An Adventure in Midwifery

The Nurse-on-Horseback Gets a "Soon Start"

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

This story of courageous service to mountaineer mothers from Hurricane Creek to Hell-fer-Sartin wins first place and an award of $250 in the first of a series of awards for public achievement offered through Survey Associates by the Harmon Foundation. Mrs. Breckinridge is in charge of the work she describes, as director of the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies. The contest was for an account of some experiment, invention or achievement in the field of public health. The second contest will be on play for grown-ups—the use of leisure. For the third, on schools, see page 59.

JUST one year ago, in the early summer, we began. Leslie county is in the heart of the Kentucky mountains, with its ten thousand Americans of the old stock scattered over 375 square miles of such rugged highland that a golf course, or even a croquet set, could scarcely be laid out within its borders. No railway, no highway, no automobiles, no bridges, no physicians—but a people whose wistful appeal comes down the centuries, and forests of alluring loveliness.

All of our work is carried forward on horseback. As our staff has grown we have kept one horse ahead, because horses haven't the resistance of nurses and need more frequent relief. Each nurse saddles and feeds and grooms her own animal, and all the horses must be fed by seven in the morning so that we can get what our neighbors call a "soon start." The riding is always difficult and often dangerous. During the winter, when the cold spells come and the streams freeze over, the horses, shod with ice nails, slip and stumble and often crash through with bleeding hocks. Sometimes a way must be made for them out to the rapids, where one commonly finds the fords, by a chivalrous mountaineer with his axe. When the "tides" come the fords of the unbridged river are impassable. But one night Miss Rockstroh swam the river on Lady Jane—saddle bags and all—to a confinement case, following the father on his white mule.

Our horses are all gallantly responsive to their obligations even when, as a colored mammy of my childhood used to say, "it don't ease them none." Teddy Bear leaps a five barred gate for the sheer joy of it. Sandy knew the tree Miss Caffin chose for hitching, by the precipice, wasn't safe, and demurred a bit, but stood by it so well that when Miss Caffin looked back, Sandy and the tree were disappearing over the precipice together. It took nearly an hour to revive him, for the breath was just naturally knocked out of his body. Then he quietly resumed the round of pre-natal and post partum visits which his fall had interrupted.

Auld Reekie, re-christened from Rick, in honor of Miss Ireland of Scotland, whose person he carried faithfully on our initial survey of births and deaths, is affectionate and biddable to the point of obsession. He trumpets aloud his grief if left alone. He it was Miss Logan rode over the twenty-mile trail from the railroad to Hyden when she came in just before Christmas, crossing three mountains and many streams and the Middle Fork with its waters up to the girths—and she never to her knowledge having been on a horse before!

Like horses, like riders! In offering posts to its workers the Kentucky Committee for Mothers and Babies, Inc., could, with few changes, quote Garibaldi's speech to his Roman soldiers:

> What I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle, with risk of death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, uncertain provisions, forced marches, dangerous outposts—those who love humanity and their country may follow me.

To such an appeal the workers have responded more quickly than we could receive them.

On May 28, 1925, the Kentucky Committee formed (and later incorporated) its organization for the protection of motherhood and infancy in the remoter rural sections of our state, with Alexander J. A. Alexander of Woodford county as chairman, and a membership of less than seventy. The one bond this group all held in common was a love of childhood and the wish to be of service to children. What form should this service take?

Since children die more from causes connected with childbirth than from all other causes, and this mortality, like that of their mothers, is highest in the country districts furthest from medical and nursing aid—then our help, so we reasoned, must rest its emphasis on the pregnancy and childbirth of rural mothers, and on early infancy—treating later forms of child care as valuable but secondary considerations. Next to the new-born baby we must protect the toddler, and when we have met his appeal we can enter the schools. But the home precedes the school.

In realizing our dreams we have had to keep finances in view, else our work would be self-limited, and we studied and were prepared to profit by the lessons of the rest of the world. Those fifteen other nations who lose fewer mothers from childbirth than we do, is there not a connection between their provision for training and supervising their midwives and their lower maternal death rates? We think there is, and that it isn't accidental that the Queen's Nurses in England and Wales, all trained as midwives and carefully supervised, had a maternal death rate in 1923, in the 54,544 confinements attended by their famous organization, of but 1.4 per thousand live births.

So we declared, in resolutions presented by Mrs. S. C.

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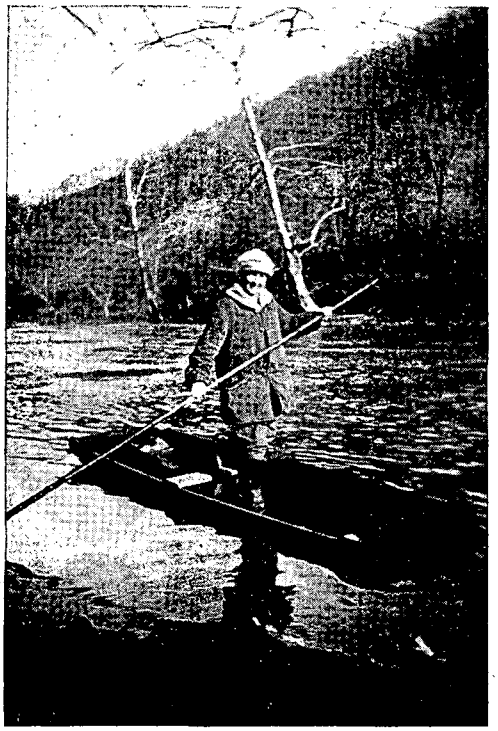

This nurse's path of duty lay across the middle fork of the Kentucky river in a flatboat propelled by a pole

Henning, of Louisville, that our purpose was to safeguard the lives and health of mothers and young children by providing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas where there are no resident physicians; and that these nurse-midwives were to work under supervision; in compliance with the regulations for midwives of the State Board of Health and the law governing the registration of nurses, and in cooperation with the nearest medical service. Leslie County was chosen for the beginning, by permission of Dr. Arthur MacCormack of the State Board of Health, because nowhere are conditions more remote or more difficult.

THE first summer's work was twofold. We had to gather together representative mountaineers from all parts of the region to form a strong county committee *through* whom, and not *for* whom, the state group functions. At the same time we made a survey of every one of the 1,635 families in Leslie, in cooperation with Mr. Blackerby, the state statistician, to supplement the births and deaths reported since the registration law of 1911. We wanted to know just where we stood at the outset.

Six people were engaged in this survey, under the direction of Bertram Ireland, whose somewhat similar work in the Scottish Highlands had earned the highest commendations from Sir Leslie MacKenzie, and who was loaned to us by the Committee on Maternal Health. In graphic style she has reported her own experiences, and the almost insuperable difficulties of the "tides," snakes and storms, heat and infections, and then the long drought when we often hauled water by a windlass eighty feet or more out of the ground. A little in a hand basin for our bodies and our undies at the close of a day's ride needs must suffice. As for food and lodging, we shared those of our neighbors, whose glowing hospitality made amends for their crowded rooms and meager fare. But for our horses we sometimes had to have feed hauled from the railroad, in advance of our coming, a distance of twenty-five miles or more. We were living close to what Galsworthy calls "nature with a small n" and we felt a Franciscan reverance for her favors. "Praised be our Lord for Sister Water, for she is very humble and clean."

Our county committee held a glorious first meeting in August, at the county seat of Hyden, with thirty-five members in attendance and the courthouse jammed by interested onlookers. There was none of the blasé indifference of those who roll to committee meetings in limousines. The district court was adjourned in our honor, the judge taking part in the proceedings, and one of our women members rode all day to be present, with her baby over one arm. Three members of the state committee came up to welcome our first county branch, and ringing speeches were made in reply by the Leslians. Walter Hoskins, of Hyden, then proposed resolutions of active support, moral and financial, which were passed unanimously.

Grandmother, a native midwife, her granddaughter and great-grandchild with the nurse-midwife who delivered the baby

Immediately after this meeting we opened our first nursing center at Hyden, with two nurse-midwives in charge. These first two, Freda Caffin and Edna Rockstroh, are former members of the staff of the Maternity Center Association of New York, and, like the writer, had gone to London to obtain their training in midwifery. Two more nurses, graduates of the Army School and trained in public health at Teachers College and Henry Street, are now also taking their midwifery in the premier schools of the old world, upon their own initiative and at their own expense. Miss Logan goes over later in the year. Miss Halsall, a Queen's nurse and midwife, came to us in the spring. It will take ten, besides a supervisor and a floater, to cover our initial county.

The nurses at the Hyden Health Center groom and saddle their horses for the day's work

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The response of the Leslians around Hyden, from Hurricane Creek to Hell-fer-Sartin, over Thousand Sticks Mountain to Bull Creek, and over Owl's Nest to Cutshin, was immediate and handsome. The four closing months of 1925, which were the first four of this nursing service, gave the following figures:

VISITS

Paid in the Homes	*Received in the Dispensary*
996	1,352

PATIENTS REGISTERED

Babies	59
Pre-school children	81
School children	230
Midwifery	31
Adults	130
Total	531
Cases given general nursing care	45

Of the midwifery cases registered, twelve were delivered of thirteen live children, and in December we had one registered for as far ahead as July.

At the request of the State Board of Health we gave 362 typhoid inoculations to children and 95 to adults, and toxin-anti-toxin to 160 children and one adult.

Inoculations for typhoid are free from serum supplied by the State Board, but for the toxin-anti-toxin we charge five cents a shot, and in fully three-fourths of the cases it has been paid. Several little girls earned their injections by emptying the dispensary slop buckets.

We have met with no opposition from the native midwives, who are old women in that region—tired and rheumatic, and apparently willing to pass the torch into our hands. One called us in to deliver her own great-grandchild.

Each nurse has two pairs of saddle bags, one for midwifery and one for general nursing. A lantern always stands filled and trimmed by the midwifery bag, for the calls often come at night and the lantern is not only needed for the dark mountain trails but is often the only illumination in the home other than an open fire. Electric torches are carried too, but they are less certain than a lantern.

This native midwife, over eighty years of age, is turning over her practice to the nurse-midwives from the Health Center

One of the best things we have been able to do has been to effect a liaison between many of our patients and the specialists and hospitals of Lexington and Louisville. Through the kindness of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and the generosity of the doctors, nine of whom have given their services, we were able, in the first ten months, to offer the best Kentucky has to fifteen of her isolated people, and this second summer several specialists have come up to hold clinics: diagnostic, gynaecological and pre-natal, and eye, ear, nose and throat.

An all-American mother and her children: her youngest is one of the babies brought into the world by a nurse-midwife

THE housing is of the most sorrowful nature. The Hyden nurses are temporarily quartered in an old two-story structure, with all of its rooms opening outside, so that one goes out to come in. The lower veranda is level with the ground, and the horses, for whom there is no separate paddock, walk heavily across it. Elsewhere in the county living accomodations are even more precarious and practically all very much over-occupied, so that the building of small nursing centers must keep pace with our advance. We brood over the legend of St. Donald of Abernathy, who lived in a hollow oak with his nine virgin daughters, all saints, and "they lacked nothing."

The second nursing center, which is also the administrative field headquarters of the committee, and called Wendover, is built entirely of logs and stone, in the heart of the country on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and is a memorial by a Kentuckian to a baby girl and a boy who died at the age of four. Admirably planned for its purpose, through the courtesy of Louis Rush of Philadelphia, and so picturesque in its beech forest (*Continued on page* 47)

Homes and families like this benefit by the nurse-midwife service from the Health Center

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An Emanation from Wisconsin

By MARION CLINCH CALKINS

"The mullioned windows of the endowed college can be shut against the night that rages without, but the state university is as open to the elements as a camp meeting. It is indeed but a tent over all kinds of weather"

THROUGH its great years and the years in which it falls upon evil, the University of Wisconsin seems never to be robbed in the eyes of its distant observers of a kind of democratic romance. This strangely enough seems only right to one who lives within it, close to its vivid color, who is not depressed that its struggles for life and freedom have no end.

The blood tie is never severed that makes the state and the university dependent one upon the other, and the drama of their dialectic is never dull. Sometimes one is in the lead, sometimes the other.

When there is a famine of legislative sympathy, the state, for whom the university exists, seems to her a burden almost too heavy to bear—an aged, illiterate parent—a weight on the back of an eagle. A great program of research whose importance to science depends upon its being sustained over a period of years may collapse or be tided over only by the heckled efforts of some scientist whose priceless ability is thus squandered on patience. Michael Guyer's rabbits may die for lack of hutches and he lose several generations of a strain of experiments in which he studies the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Money looks large to a legislature of farmers accustomed to dealing in kind.

Or contrarily, the university at times may resist, like a laggard child, the stride of its mother. The progressive state leader may not find where to lay his confidence in what he considers to be the desiccated classicism of his university. He lives in the day that seethes around him. She, that should be his contemporary, may be holding a wake over history. Then, too, the great tide of mediocrity sweeps over her. The student, supposed seeker for truth, seems to abandon the role for which the play was created.

But still the perfectionist lives on. Still the university is the passionate dream of many men, some of them very great men indeed. This has been true since its foundation. A glamor surrounds the names of Adams, Bascom, Van Hise, Turner, Ely, Babcock, Commons, Ross, of the university. A glamor surrounds the names of La Follette, McCarthy, Mrs. Glenn Turner and Zona Gale in the state. A glamor surrounds new names: Glenn Frank and Alexander Meiklejohn. It is possibly the national significance of the men who have reared her (certainly it is not that her problems are peculiar) that has made Wisconsin seem to be the national laboratory for the governing and educational problems of our industrial society. The rate at which these problems of modernity overtake her, no less than the rate at which she takes her mile posts of achievements, conspires to make her, not more remarkable than her sister universities, but seemingly their archetype.

Two recent events illustrate her confrontation of her time. One is the refusal by the regents of a proffered gift of research funds by the General Education Board—an enunciation of principle which is by no means settled in the minds of the faculty and alumni. The other is the proposal, approved by the faculty of the college of letters and science, to set up an experimental college which shall by improved methods of teaching and changes in the content of study counteract the effects of quantity education.

FOR these and other reasons, the present seems a likely moment for an emanation on the state university as such. An emanation differs from a conclusion or an opinion. Those who have ever worked in any laboratory of applied science will know that every so often, as a sop to its founders, the laboratory must publish its results. If science has no results, then science must publish anyway. What is given off is called an emanation. It rises like a fog from the mind. And to anyone who is enough interested in the phenomena of democratic learning to remove himself from its din to survey them, this much must be evident: that he can draw no conclusions. No matter how competent he has hitherto felt himself to express opinions upon education, at a slight distance he will find his mind suddenly drained of conviction. Two questions, among others, will inevitably arise from the fog within him. Should the state university reflect or lead the life of the state? And can a liberal college survive in a modern American university whose debts to the tax-payer are made good, not in ideas, but in material gains?

ANNUALLY questions of the liberal college are presented to commencement audiences. But the college which is the subject of these essays is the selective college, the temple of liberal learning. Its acolytes are adjured lest they let the flame of its night lamp be extinguished by the gusty winds of modern profits. But whereas the mullioned windows of the endowed college can be shut against the night that rages without, the state university is as open to the elements as a camp meeting. It is indeed but a tent over all kinds of weather.

In choosing Wisconsin for an example we have chosen a type which any of the western universities would serve to exemplify. Their geography is not the same. Each has its own curricular strength to pit against another's weakness. Each has its own set of religious assailants and political derogators. Their constituency, however, and their dependence upon it, the necessity which is both spiritually and financially upon them not to repudiate their origins, keep them brothers in ordeal. In some ways Wisconsin seems to stand out among them in grotesque, as it were, by the extravagance of its aspirations and the bitterness of its falling short of them; by the indestructible beauty of its setting and the irrelevance of the architectural attempts upon it; by the ferocity of the

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wavering battle of the philosophic ideal with sinewy materialism, a caricature of its type; and as if its spirit were made more visible to us thereby, as the caricature of a man reveals to us instantly the traits which his photograph would conceal. Yet by some mysterious lure of woods and water and seasons sharply marked, Madison will always cast the scholar spell. It will always hold those great men who cannot bear to leave it and one another. Quiet lagoons of true student life will circle around them. Those who live here once dream always of returning.

There is a hill in Madison where we can stand and look down upon the scene of enterprise beneath us. If it is fair weather, Mendota, Wingra and Monona encircle the town like a blue bracelet. If it is very fair indeed, and the season of high water, Kegonsa and Waubesa, several miles away, shine like fields of wheat on the horizon. The squalid architecture of the middle town itself is from this height obscured completely by large elms and oaks and maples. The dome of the capitol gathers on the sky-line every mauve and pink of day-light and by ingenious reflection of its lamps obliterates the night in sky and lake.

On the three sides of a hill beside Mendota lie the college buildings. During the three or four minutes of sunset their red roofs darken into a purple blanket of homogeneity laid gently over their dissimilar structures. At this moment only do Wisconsin's halls of learning have any kinship with each other. In the garish light of a higher sun they stand apart in architectural hostility. But if outwardly the family has its homogeneous moments, inwardly it has none. Sunset may heighten the resembling features before twilight effaces the lineaments entirely, but day and night the inner struggle of the various tempers is sustained. Well may the expedient Alma Mater wonder what fate awaits the unhappy weaker members of her brood as she anticipates another marriage with another legislature, another governor, or another board of regents. Well may she ponder upon the easier life of her kept sisters, so voluptuously endowed.

HOW will the student body compare with that of Harvard, Princeton, Vassar or Bryn Mawr? No analysis of their constituencies is at hand, but the reader is well familiar with their character: sons and daughters of comparative wealth, or if of poverty, of a tradition of literacy which prompts a sacrifice. As for Wisconsin 60 per cent of the total, according to a census taken of seventeen hundred freshmen, are sons and daughters of farmers, workers and small merchants. The parental occupations,* as written into the records of the registrar, made even for the cynical a most impressive list. What will not come out of it? An art with its roots in the soil! A philosophy either to strengthen or to comfort! A law with an attempt at justice to each. An aspiration for peace breathed by all men! How likely indeed are they not to come out of it.

* The parents and guardians represented include 164 farmers, 46 railway employes, 296 employes or workers in various trades and 535 merchants and small tradesmen. Among the 144 widows and self-supporting mothers who sent students are 2 matrons, 2 hotel and restaurant proprietors, a librarian, a trained nurse, chaperon, postmaster, dressmaker, clerk, cook, note-teller, roominghouse keeper and stenographer. Among the 296 parents who are workers in trades, there are: 30 machinists and mechanics, 25 laborers, 24 carpenters, 16 printers, 16 foremen, 13 tailors, 11 painters, 10 clerks, 9 electricians, 8 bakers, 8 plumbers, 7 stock-buyers, 6 janitors, 6 cashiers, 5 each of teamsters, butchers and barbers, 4 gardeners and 4 masons, 3 each of upholsterers, tinsmiths, moulders, miners, millers, millwrights, lithographers, cooks, cabinet-makers and butter-makers, 2 each of book-keepers, caretakers, dry-kiln men, foundry men, harness makers, liverymen, oil men, telegraphers, wood-workers; one boiler-maker, a bricklayer, bridge-tender, canner, collector, fireman, fisherman, granite cutter, inspector, junk-dealer, knitter, laundryman, messenger, packing-house man, paymaster, piano-tuner, tool-designer, stock-clerk, watchman, water-meter man, well-driller, shipping-clerk, shoemaker, steam-fitter, stenographer and steward.

Let us go down from our hill and speak with democracy in its cloisters. It is spring. The campus is a meadow of bright dresses. Everything is as short as the youth that wears it. Short skirts being the mode, each girl is in the height of fashion; her sleeves are short, her lips are short and pencilled full. The boys are checked and striped and polka-dotted.

What then of the cloister-life, emblazoned in the nation's head-lines? How does the student differ from the populace that sent him? Do not these glittering gaieties that lift him above his student predecessors also differentiate his mother and his maiden aunts at home from the ladies of the first Home Journal days? These children have more fun because they are of an age, and that a good one. They dance more often because there are more of them to dance together. They dance more like bacchantes because more lads across the country are leaning Bacchus-like, uncertainly, against the law. They go to class in cars, eight or ten together, surefootedly upon the fenders, occasionally getting down to push, because Henry Ford has made so many new ones that the old ones can be had for carting. Their nocturnal wanderings are a matter for conjecture and dismay because their ten-dollar wings of tin will fly far and back before ten-thirty. But this, too, the farmer has discovered, to the sociologist's delight. The cabalistic signs whitewashed across the battered bodies of their cars give food for thought. "The Mayflower: Two Puritans came across in this last night." Or, on another, "We have put many a good girl on her feet." Every now and then their cars collide and fall apart, mysteriously, like the one-hoss shay. Every now and then the band strikes up and they have a parade. Every now and then they have a fire. In addition to this they ski, they skate, they ice-boat and toboggan; they dance, they canoe, they sail, they swim; they serenade each other; they go to class and make their grade points so their fraternities will not lose their charters. Or so it seems.

In these respects the students of a state university do not differ from their college fellows elsewhere. With this possible exception, having slight confidence in the social adequacy of their upbringing, which they are at constant pains to prove, they are more slavishly fearful of non-conformity in rain-coats and conversation. The university becomes, under their attendance, not an institution of higher learning, but, as one of its quick diagnosticians has said, an isolation camp where the state sends its children to recover from their adolescence.

THEREFORE the very raison d'être of the state university is its greatest difficulty: the population has suddenly chosen to come to school. President Van Hise said that, contrary to the expressed opinion of many educators, the rise of the utilitarian college, in bringing into the university an entirely new and hitherto unreached element of the population for vocational training, brings new recruits for the liberal arts. It was under Van Hise's administration that the agricultural college and the extension division had their flowering. His hope that no corner of the state would be unattended by the university has been more fully realized than any can know who has not met its teachers in the north cutover country, the forest settlements and in the crowded city districts. Groups of rural housewives reading child psychology, rural highschools studying the open-shop, men joined in farming studies at demonstration fields are the sensible pledge of this early hope which has come to

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be known, through much advertising and through the close (and often hostile) relationship of school and government that is evident to any student of both, as the Wisconsin idea; made visible to many in the persons of Commons and La Follette.

That the state has had material gains through this development is not worth questioning. Many a student journalist has blithely counted in billions what this discovery has meant in blight destruction, that in butter-fat, this in the marketing of crops and that in their rotation. It would be idle to deny that material gains have brought their corresponding social changes; that men's noses have been lifted from the grindstone to smell the winds of reason. The university was given its character to free the citizen from bondage. Now freedom is upon him—and what is his idea of freedom? His children in the university express it in the words of one of their favorite professors, Carl Russell Fish, as they hawk their seats for lectures and leap into a going car: "A lake of gasoline bounded on all sides by concrete road."

The flight of people, like the flight of wild birds, is in formation. In America they have sunk from western flight into settlement and as pioneers, endure simple and physical ordeals which are themselves invested with a sort of beauty. Suddenly within a generation or so, the minima of existence are found to be easily at hand. Leisure is upon the state. The flock divides for flight. One stream goes westward; perhaps to build its nests in the spires and grotesques of the mind; or lemming-like perhaps to nothing. The other goes south, in search of comfort, in cars heated to keep the paper flowers in the vase from freezing.

And what of the university? Is it the promised turrets for the thinning westward line? Is it the pavilion at which the flock divides, or the bursting granary of worldly promise to which the other birds are flapping their wings and trailing their legs and crying? Whichever of these it is, of this much we must be certain: that attendance upon it is the first evidence of leisure. But insofar as it promotes his children socially or commercially, the tax-payer looks upon it still as a factor of production.

Here is the tax-payer who cannot be repudiated, the father of the freshman. You yourself may be one whose mind does not leap as you see boys bending under the cows in the agricultural college, boys bending under the engines in the engineering school, girls bending over the sink in home economics. You may not have any social or intellectual connotations for these things, nor hold that the state university as an institution of higher learning should be given over to the business of education on a competitive producing basis. You may not believe that research should be forced to pay for itself, that only profitable courses should be taught, advertising and chemical warfare among them. But the question of whether the utilitarian university is good was long ago taken out of your hands. The age which conditioned it, demanded it. Let your discontent start farther along. When Van Hise said that the vocational courses would bring with them new students of the liberal arts, it is not unlikely, since his ideal was that the university should be informed with the spirit of liberal learning, that he feared what seems at times to be true: the vocational colleges are, not in numbers but in spirit, suffocating the colleges of the liberal arts. The phenomenal growth of commerce schools within economics departments attests to it: courses in how to write more and better business letters; the growth of journalism schools within English departments; the teaching of the psychology of advertising within philosophy departments, and so on.

It is to be doubted whether the student's snatching, result-demanding mode of going to school is caused by any love of it. Ask any sophomore why he has signed up for the more and better courses. Eight times out of ten either he has been advised to do it by boys still in school or his family has filled him with fear that his four years of college will not pay him in immediate salary returns. Occasionally his sensibilities are dulled to any but the dollar argument, the only one he has heard in a childhood of great struggle. For his family he will be the stepping stone to comfort and caste. Time enough to talk art, philosophy, law and letters to his son, whose problems we can pass along to his own generation of educators. But what of the freshman who stands before you, his eye on the total assets. Has the university no glimmer of anything to give him but gain?

FIRST, last and all of the time, the freshman is the most beautiful thing in college. His name, meant to disparage, is a poetical truth. He is a clean page to write upon. Before him we should put every apostle of beauty, every evangelist of learning. Later he can find his way alone into the shelves of knowledge.

And what do we do with him?

It is the truth that there are not enough first-rate teachers. As it is, lacking both money and material, we give him inferior men and women. He is at the moment when beauty stirs him to the heels, if it ever will, and we lock him out of our lectures on art. We fail to provide him dormitories and he supplies himself with an inadequate social system which in its attempt to be aristocratic usually ejects every individualism of taste or idea that rears its head. He may never achieve the societies of this system, but in his effort he conforms, painfully or easily, to their dead level. To her (the pronoun must be changed to emphasize that which cannot be overemphasized, the complication in student life placed there by the co-educational nature of the enterprise) unpopularity is a sin almost more searing than the scarlet letter. How when she is swaying this way and that way in every social zephyr to find a trellis upon which she may grow, can she send her roots down far enough to get nourishment for a strong stem of her own? She also, as is tacitly known to her mother and herself, has been sent to the university because education pays—in sometimes the uncollectible dividends of marriage.

The first semester freshman, uncertain and tremulous, is in an analogous position with the liberal college in the utilitarian university. Behind them both are those who will measure his progress by his promotion. Bruce Barton and Frank Crane exhort him. He must, to please himself by winning the admiration of his fellows, get into the squirrel cage of student activities which increase in number as the school becomes larger and more highly organized. The discrepancy between life and the class-room yawns like an abyss. The professional and vocational students are allowed to have enthusiasms. But the student of letters should guard his shyly. "To get by" is the thing.

Alas, the freshman deserves his name only a part of a year. Before February the powder is off his wings, the pollen is shaken. Mediocrity has brushed him. And although it is impossible that he will be continuously immune to the contagion of truth in some of the books he is required to read, or to the infection of greatness in some of his rare fellows or teachers who touch (*Continued on page* 57)

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NEW ENGLAND LADY
(educating herself by reading a magazine)

Thomas H. Benton—*American Modern*

FOR several years Thomas H. Benton has been at work on a self-commissioned series of large mural paintings---a pictorial pageant of the history of the United States. The American types shown on these pages are among the hundreds of studies he has made in the development of his own esthetic theories and of this vast picture-history.

Benton is from Missouri---both ways. His first question in the presence of a painting---his own or another's---is "Why?" For him, everything in a picture has a why, and if it hasn't it oughtn't to be there. Not a line, not a direction, not a figure, not a distortion, not a color harmony or clash of color---nothing in his work is there by caprice or accident or just "because it was that way in nature." Implacably, he lives up to his own esthetic convictions. He is a painter who mixes conscience with intelligence in every stroke.

More, there is that in his painting which defies theory ---the racy American flavor of the man that permeates his work. This may be the touchstone which enables him at once to sense and catch the things that are kindred in the American types that he portrays, things that set them off from the portraiture of any European artist, and, at the same time, that reveal their variety and regional quality---whether he draws the hillbilly of Missouri, the New England spinster, the country judge or the old campaigner. Here are Americans.

It is this that makes it a matter of common good fortune to all of us that such a man has set for himself the life work of putting on to a series of great canvases what might be called the social epic of the American people.

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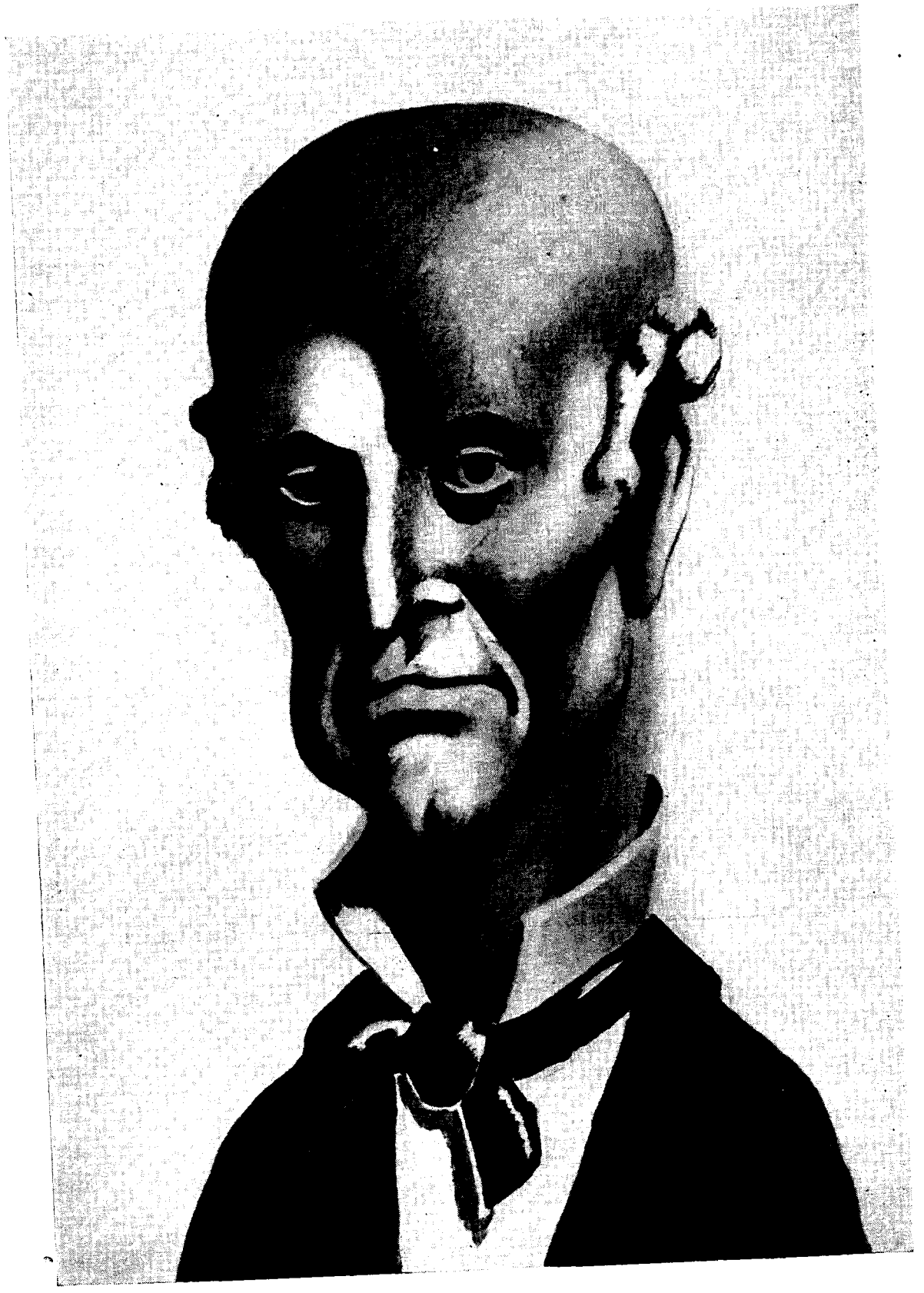

THE JUDGE

(with a chew)

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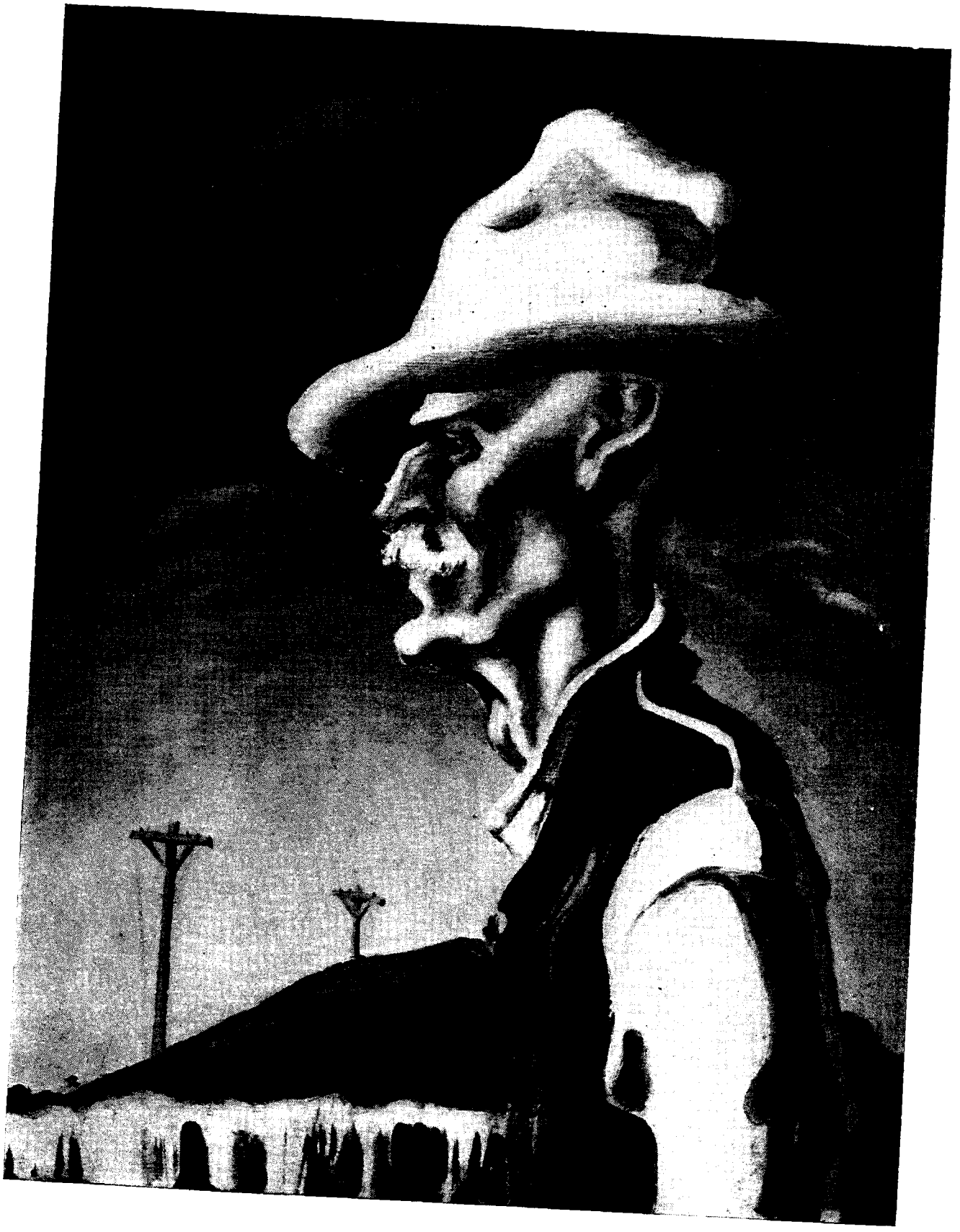

NEW ENGLAND FARMER

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THE OLD CAMPAIGNER

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The Revolt Against Dullness

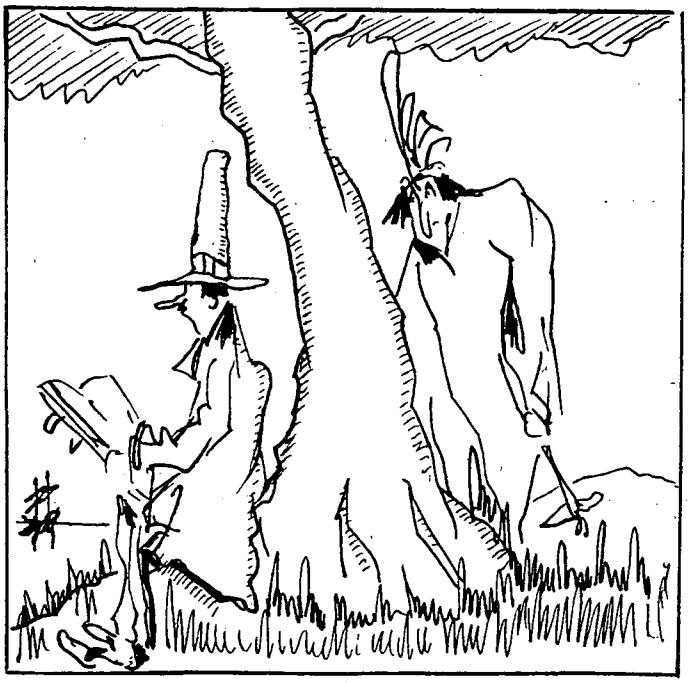
By CARL VAN DOREN

Drawings by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

THERE must have been more talk about dullness in the United States since 1900, and perhaps since 1920, than in all the earlier years reaching back to the settlement at Jamestown. No orator, no poet, no publicist during the classic ages of the republic touched the theme in its general aspects, though here and there isolated wits complained of the stupidity of particular persons or classes. Partly this must have been because those times were too troubled by immediate issues for men to see the great drift toward national uniformity which was going on, and partly it must have been because the nation was so uncompleted an entity that men could still look forward with enthusiasm to the time when uniformity should have lifted them out of disorder. Sensible observers could then regard their fellow-countrymen as a multitude of raw recruits, drawn in from farms and workshops and offices, vigorous enough, perhaps, but as yet undisciplined, and consequently neither neat nor obedient nor punctual, nor able to move in harmony. Almost no one seems to have foreseen that the time would come when numerous critics would inquire for what purpose this army had been regimented or when the rank and file of the army itself would begin to grow restless under the pressure of the discipline to which, as a matter of fact, it had willingly yielded itself. Unity was ordinarily considered a sufficient end in itself, and the sentiment of unity increased at a rate which took little notice of the possible disadvantages of uniformity.

The result was that the first years of the present century saw such a landslide of uniformity as the country had never seen before. Broadly speaking, the landslide may be said to have been precipitated in politics by Roosevelt, and in theology by Bryan. Each of these leaders stole into his position by a kind of involuntary ruse. At the outset, of course, Roosevelt won his hearing and his followers by a protest against the inertia which had settled upon public life. If only the strenuous virtues could be aroused, he thought, the country could be saved. But when they had been aroused, he was found to have no talent for guiding them. He could still shout louder than any of his rivals, but out of the din came no intelligent or even intelligible commands. He had no first-rate political principles, no first-rate ideas of any sort. He had never gone beyond a high-minded adolescence. And even what principles he had were latterly attacked by the corruption of the best elements in them. Strenuousity frustrated becomes childish. In Roosevelt, moreover, the original impulse to gain his ends in a civil fashion was gradually supplanted by an impulse to gain them in a military fashion. He became as noisy an upholder of the soldierly virtues as Wilhelm Hohenzollern, and insisted that the nation had a right to exact of all its citizens at all times the subordination of private preferences to the public welfare which more temperate and far-sighted political philosophers demand only in national emergencies, if even then. Had Roosevelt made his entrance into politics with his later notions fully developed he would hardly have been listened to. But because he had first attracted attention on very different issues, and because something generous and charming about him had won him great popular favor, he had an insidious effect. Around him crystalized many diverse forms of patriotism and out of the crystalization emerged the term "hundred-per-cent Americanism" which has become, on the unreflective plane to which it speedily dropped, one of the great national nuisances.

Meanwhile a similar development was going on in Bryan, who began as a political reformer and ended as a theological demagogue. He, it is true, transferred his activities from one department of discussion to another more definitely than did Roosevelt, but the process was continuous enough. First taking a stand in behalf of the plain people who had suffered during the economic disturbances of the nineties, he also commended himself by something generous and charming in his constitution. But he was too vague in his philanthropic programs ever to help one of them win a majority; compact groups opposed him and his own followers obscurely distrusted him except when they were under the spell of his voice. Philanthropy frustrated becomes splenetic. Bryan, defeated in political affairs, turned to theology. In a realm in which there are no certainties and no final decisions, he could be as positive as he had been vague be-



In the good old days when it was not dullness that lurked behind every tree

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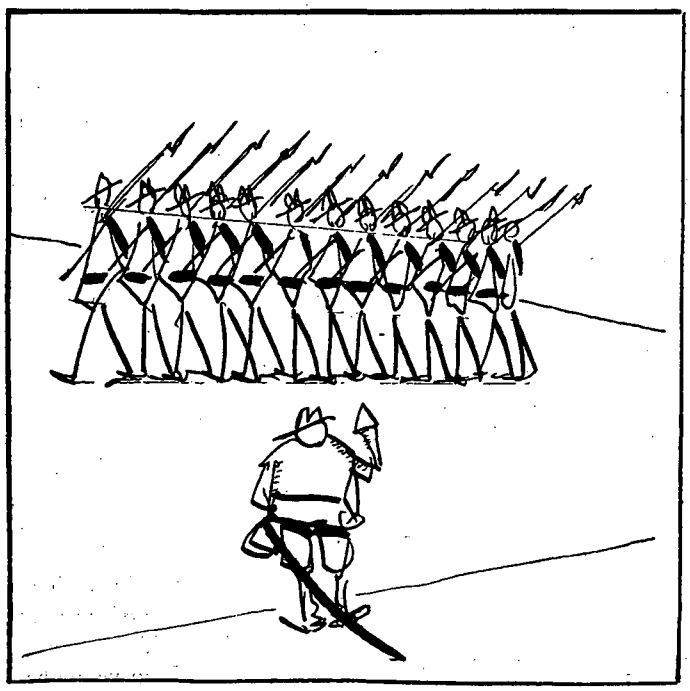
fore, and run no risk of not being as wrong as ever. In this realm of opinion he sharked up such hordes of the superstitious as no civilized person had dreamed were in existence. Left alone they might have been inert, but they would not have been especially obnoxious. Stirred, however, by his eloquence, now hollow but still loud, they left their faithful pursuits and followed him in his crusade against enlightenment. And Bryan, like Roosevelt, suffered from a military ideology, though he thought of his cohorts less as American soldiers than as Christian soldiers. The Bible, literally and grotesquely interpreted, furnished him with his handbook of arms and his rules of warfare. His intention, whether avowed or not, was to organize the Fundamentalists, as they were adroitly named, into an obedient army which should have but one will and one doctrine, and which by reason of its narrow unity of aim should be able to divide and conquer all those who were not already uniformed in a common dogma.

Many other tendencies, of course, contributed to the growth of popular orthodoxy. Roosevelt and Bryan are only typical dramatic figures, but they serve to illustrate the whole movement. The European war, which became also an American war, stimulated all these tendencies to a feverish acceleration of their natural pace. Then, when that strain relaxed, and the country wanted to be left alone to catch its breath again, it is no wonder that it should have settled into the mold of dull uniformity and complacent mediocrity indicated by the elections of 1924. The new administration was wished and thought to be as American as Roosevelt and as Christian as Bryan, and furthermore as right-thinking about business as any hundred-percent Fundamentalist soldier or officer in the army of business could desire.

YET even in this hush of peace there was an angry murmur from several quarters. The most specific utterance of dissent came from the enemies of prohibition. At first they complained for the most part as individuals who felt they were being denied a personal satisfaction which



Upholder of the uniform soldierly virtues

An obedient army with one will and one doctrine

they were unwilling to forego, but they speedily carried their protest to a more general ground. Prohibition, they maintained, had undertaken to enforce a single sumptuary law in all sections of the country, without reference to the wishes of this or that particular community. It was therefore a kind of Federal usurpation of local rights. In other words, it was one of the tyrannies of uniformity. This same argument has since been taken up with respect to other causes, until there is now a wide-spread resistance to administrative centralization which recalls the position held by Calhoun before the Civil War. Among the farmers of the Northwest there is still another discontent, based upon the feeling that national legislation has overlooked their needs out of too ready a sympathy with the movement to industrialize the entire nation. Here again the protest is aimed at a phase of uniformity.

But these special protests by no means exhaust the field. There is also a general objection to uniformity which has been assembling its arguments and dramatizing its examples throughout the century. So far, the general objection has been raised largely by men of letters, who today occupy a place of influence not occupied by their class since the days of the controversy over slavery. What most sharply distinguishes them from their predecessors in the United States is that these men fight under an intellectual, not a moral, banner, and that their enemy is not evil but stupidity. Never before 1900 was this the case with any concerted group of important American writers. Whitman to the end of his life cherished a lofty confidence that the welding of the nation would somehow breed and release the heroes whom he prophesied. Cooper accused democracy of leveling out the graces and of reducing merit too often to a common denominator, but he nevertheless clung to the faith of the elder republicans that democratic justice would in the long run permit eminence to emerge. Mark Twain, though in his last decade he came to agree with all that the most biting later satirist has said about the perils of dull uniformity, maintained throughout his life a certain habit of patriotic decorum and left for posthumous publica-

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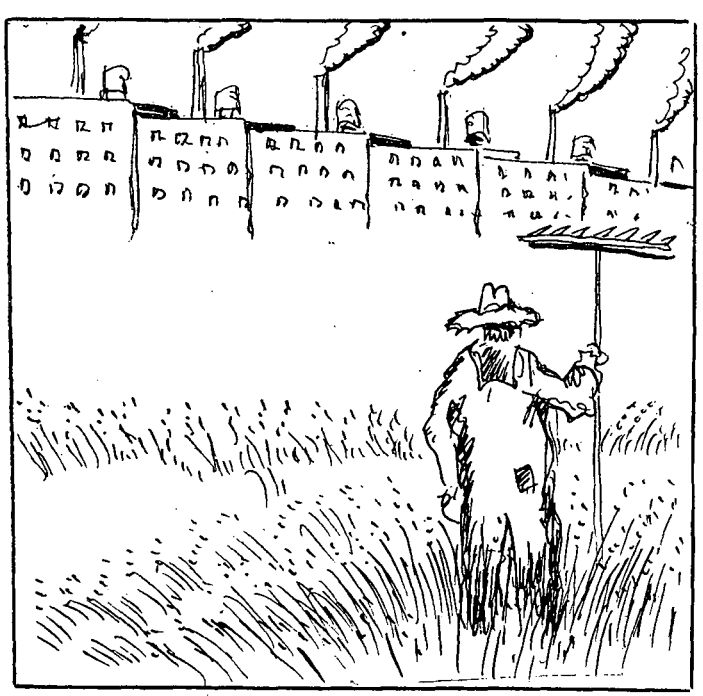
tion most of his charges against the human race, including Americans, as "sheep for credulity, wolves for conformity." Emerson himself, expositor of the creed of self-reliance, impressively helped to further the growth of that bland optimism which in another generation closed millions of ears to all that the nation's critics could point out. Thoreau alone, of the established classics, uncompromisingly slashed the net with which society bound him and proclaimed the duty of individualism, even to the extent of civil disobedience. And Thoreau did this as much because communal life seemed too distracting as because it seemed too uniform.

Compare with these such later figures, to choose only the most representative and clearly-defined, as Edgar Lee Masters, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and Sherwood Anderson. Spoon River Anthology, the first work by one of them to attract wide approval, passed ten years ago as an arraignment of the American village for its meanness and hypocrisy; but Mr. Masters' subsequent books have made it plain that he ranks, as he then ranked, complacent dullness, whether in village or city, among the most sinister vices. Mr. Mencken's Americana, another if a different anthology, ranges hilariously over the continent in search of actual testimony, chosen from newspapers, of the bungling and ignorant stupidity which he thinks characteristic of the majority of his fellow-citizens. He exhibits occasional instances of cruelty, but his choice falls most frequently upon instances of the oppression which results when dull hands are laid heavily upon excellence. Main Street, greeted by more readers than any other book by any of these four, quite explicitly points to dullness as its villain. "It is contentment . . . the contentment of the quiet dead, who are scornful of the living for their restless walking. It is negation canonized as the one positive virtue. It is the prohibition of happiness. It is slavery self-sought and self-defended. It is dullness made God." The heroine of the piece is a girl who rebels against village dullness, and by that act alone wins the sympathy of her author and of his readers. Almost the sole theme of Sherwood Anderson,



As our modern regimentation would look to Calhoun

Complacent dullness a sinister vice in Spoon River

whether in his autobiographical Story Teller's Story or in such fictions as Dark Laughter, is the flight from dullness of some man or woman who believes that there can be no good life which is not creative and free.

All these spokesmen of the revolt, it will be noted, agree in the assumption that to be uniform is to be dull. They thus disagree with Henry Adams, who is sometimes associated with them but who really found fault with his age because it lacked unity, and who turned back to the thirteenth century in search of an age in which the energies of men were not dissipated. The younger writers are troubled less by the dissipation of energy than by the concentration of it. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that, though they might accept some other program of concentration, they do not accept the program now generally being followed. To put the matter more accurately still, they believe that the prevailing uniformity in America is mere victorious commonplaceness, brought into power by a superstitious reverence for the average qualities of mankind and too seldom questioned by alert intelligences. Unity is not an advantage if it is paid for by a surrender of the best traits, the extraordinary traits, among the parties to the union. "Men will live and communicate," says Emerson, "and plough, and reap, and govern, as by added ethereal power, when once they are united. . . . But this union must be inward, and not one of covenants, and is to be reached by a reverse of the methods they use. The union is only perfect when all the uniters are isolated. It is the union of friends who live in different streets or towns. Each man, if he attempts to join himself to others, is on all sides cramped and diminished of his proportions; and the stricter the union the smaller and the more pitiful he is. But leave him alone, to recognize in every hour and place the secret soul; he will go up and down doing the works of a true member, and, to the astonishment of all, the work will be done with concert, though no man spoke. . . ." Take away the liberty of the individual to be honestly individual, say the later commentators, and unity degenerates to uniformity.

Let it be admitted that the current revolt tends to em-

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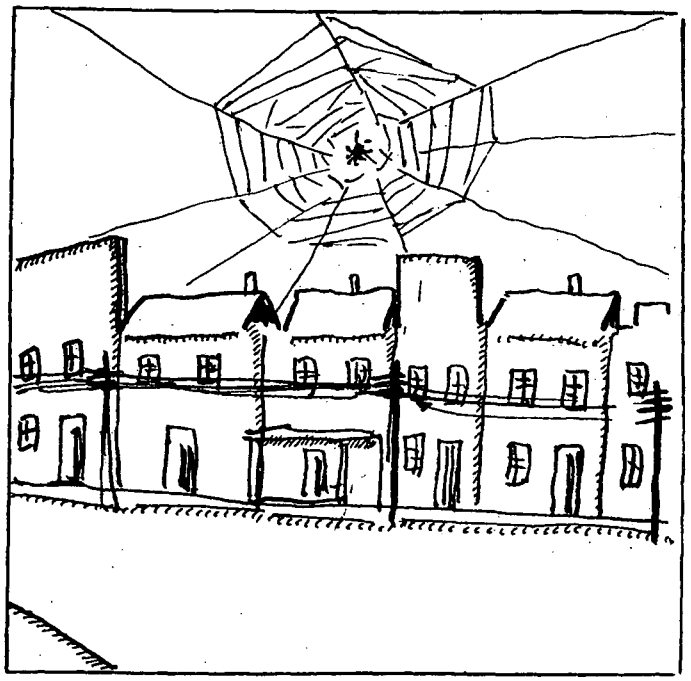

A uniformity which is mere victorious commonplaceness

phasize but one side of the question which is raised. The other side has no need of supporters, as the elections of 1924 overwhelmingly prove. Conceivably the United States has given up its Jeffersonian, Emersonian concern for the liberty of the individual and has accepted a Roman method in the expectation of a Roman destiny. There are still, however, not a few who cling to an earlier idea of social rights and duties. The dissenting men of letters have found many to agree with them in their protest. These others know that not one of the great Americans of history was always hundred per cent in his attitude, but instead dared upon occasion to champion minorities, in the face of savage abuse from the majority. To be hundred per cent now is in no sense to follow in the footsteps of the Americans of whom it is fashionable to be most proud. Neither is it in any sense a return along an ancient path when Americans set up to be Fundamentalists. The religious motive which drove Americans from Europe was primarily a desire to get away from European Fundamentalism in various oppressive forms. The great sects which at present most busy themselves in the effort to make Fundamentalism prevail would not even exist if the orthodoxy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had had its way. These sects have been permitted to flourish by the toleration officially extended to all religions in America, and they have learned no better lesson than religious tyranny might have taught them. Any rational intelligence should be able to see through the muddled arguments of hundred per cent Americanism and Fundamentalism. If they have won a large and devoted following, it is because there are not enough rational intelligences. To the task of making more of these the serious poets and satirists and critics have bent their strength.

Yet the prevailing revolt is on no account to be regarded as merely book-bred. Books may have served to focus discontent, but they did not by themselves create it. Surprising as was the form of Spoon River Anthology and dashing as was the satire of Main Street, these books could never have won their hundreds of thousands of readers if the ground had not already been prepared for them. Nor did the preparation come altogether with the war, as has been sometimes said, with the breaking up of the customary patterns of behavior and the letting down of idealism after that violent effort. The famous Younger Generation had begun to draw fire as early as 1912, and Randolph Bourne had evolved his philosophy of youth very little in advance of many other young men who felt as he did, though few could write so well. Bernard Shaw no doubt had a good deal to do with the movement, and Wells and Galsworthy and the Fabian Society, but on the whole the response of the Younger Generation was to American conditions. Exploitation and industrialization and standardization had gone as far as they could without making enemies. There was bound to come a protest, steadily increasing in volume, from the independent spirits who felt themselves crushed within the vast machine. Certain sensitive writers might voice the protest; those writers, however, had been shaped by the whirling winds and currents of protest, and their books owed to it their swift prosperity.

The topic upon which most of the rebels fixed their attention can hardly have been chosen by accident. If they agreed that the worst menace to American civilization was negation canonized, dullness made God, they did it because that menace somehow threatened them with a special force. They believed it did. The first ground for their belief was the obvious fact that the United States was changing very rapidly from an agricultural to an industrial organization, from a rural to an urban population. In the new society thus developed, the machine played an enormously greater part than it had played before. From being tools, machines had come to be almost men, from being slaves, machines had come to be almost citizens. It was no wonder that numerous Americans, and those often the influential leaders of the people, should have begun to see machines not only substitutes for men, but patterns for them. Machines were neat and obedient and punctual and able to move in harmony beyond the capacity of human beings. Let machines, therefore, do as much as possible of the work of human beings. But machines cannot quite become men, and so cannot do all the things that men can do. Very well, then, let men, who are extremely adaptable, become machines. Teach their hands the same economical cunning; teach their nervous systems the same unwearying patience. It was only a step from this to the demand that the minds and opinions of men be also standardized. Let them all to be hundred-per-cent Americans, patriots wo never reason or question. Let them all be Fundamentalists, Christians who never reason or question. And furthermore, let them be fitted out with just that touch of zeal in their constitutions which will make them, while never challenging their lawful rulers, watchful among their fellows for any variation from mechanical normality and ruthless in suppressing it whenever it appears.

The second ground for the belief of the young rebels of 1912 that standardization was a special menace, was that they themselves so instinctively resisted it. As Americans they inherited a long tradition of individualism. They had been taught to admire the first settlers as valiant groups of men and women who had dared to leave uniformity behind them in Europe and take to the experimental wilderness. They had been taught to admire Franklin and Washington and Adams and Jefferson as men who conducted a dangerous revolution and set up a new republic. Their histories had all told them exultantly of Daniel Boone, a

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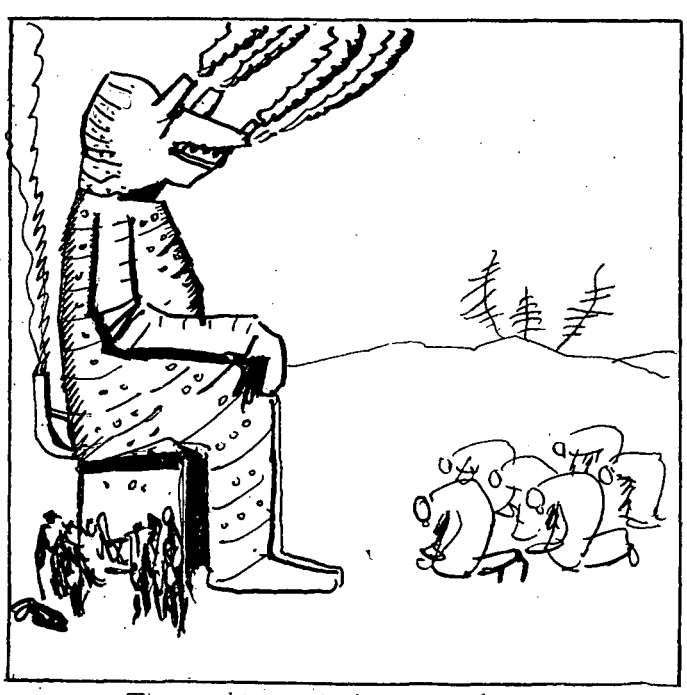
folk-hero whose most memorable deed had been to turn his back upon the settlements, first of North Carolina and then of Kentucky, and to plunge each time deeper into an adventurous solitude—even expatriating himself by his last remove to Missouri, still a Spanish possession. In the native fiction which the new rebels had read no character was better known to them than Leather-Stocking, whose career had been based upon that of Boone, and who fled before the encroachments of uniformity in order that he might remain a philosopher of the forest. The whole legend of America was full of tales of explorers and inventors and reformers and innovators who had endured much preliminary scorn but had triumphed in the end. Roosevelt himself had broken with the economic class which had expected him to put his talents in their service. Bryan himself had once attempted to lead what seemed a forlorn hope, not backward into the night of superstition but forward into the noon of justice. The Younger Generation could reasonably appeal from the older to the younger Roosevelt, from the older to the younger Bryan. Enterprise was in their blood. They could not too rapidly submit to becoming obedient cogs in standard wheels.

If they had wanted to resort to such arguments, they might have said that they, not the Roosevelts and Bryans and Coolidges and Garys, were the true Americans. They, not the exhorters to uniformity, cherished the profounder impulses of the race. The burden of existence had descended upon them, they felt, with an unnecessary weight. Human life in the United States was not yet so crowded that it called for any Asiatic subordination of the individual to the general welfare. The country was not yet such a factory that every hand must docilely ply the levers of its machine. There might be no frontier remaining on the map, no free land to which the restive youth could go from the pinching settlements; but there was still, as always, the frontier of mind, the free land of speculation and creation. In these circumstances there was developed a habit of speculation among the younger Americans which had marked no previous age. Their minds ventured inquisitively into all the regions of opinion. There grew up a new enthusiasm for the processes of creation, so that the word "creative" for the first time in America entered the jargon of familiar speech. The arts were asked to assimilate an embarrassing number of volunteers. Young philosophers brooded in every cave and young poets sang on every tree. Many enough of these revolutionists proceeded upon the assumption that the world had been made over. This was not the case, but has that not always been the tacit assumption upon which the most characteristic Americans have proceeded? The newest Americans can hardly be blamed for accepting their heritage and spending it as examples warrant.

It is singular, but not inexplicable, that the manifestation of the revolt which has been most frequently discussed is a superficial one. It is the freedom of manners which prevails among the young. Just how far any startling revolution has been here effected is difficult to decide. Certainly no period of history has left a record which does not show some traces of the natural conflict between parents and children. But there is just now an audacity of rebellion, a fashion of candor among the children, which worries many a grave beard and many a tender bosom. The rebels have not only an instinct, but also a philosophy, of freedom. They appear to be sowing their wild oats very systematically. Their philosophy is without doubt more troubling than their instinct. The instinct will soon wear itself out and will vanish under the pressure of maturer responsibility. The philosophy, however, is a different matter. It has a stubborn air. It can be rooted out only when the causes are rooted out or when the present individuals who hold it have all given up the fight. The causes can be rooted out by nothing less than a retreat by the entire nation from the bog of standardization into which it has blundered.

The individuals who are now revolting against dullness will not give up the fight till they are dead or senile. Meanwhile the struggle goes vigorously on. Nothing in the intellectual history of the United States matches it. Nothing in the physical history of the United States is so significant except the Revolution, the expansion westward, the Civil War, and the recent participation in European affairs.



The machine, god of things as they are

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Horizon Lines

A Monthly Survey of Our New International Frontiers

By JAMES G. McDONALD

THE "war after the war" is ended. Germany has entered the League of Nations. No longer a political or moral outcast, she sits as an equal with the other great powers, permanent members of the Council. No longer can the League be damned as a veiled continuance of the war-time alliances. Despite the withdrawal of Brazil—balanced by the likely return of Argentina—and the resignation of Spain, the League now more nearly than ever before approximates the ideal of its founders, a universal federation of mankind. Only two great powers, the most radical and the most conservative, Soviet Russia and the United States, remain outside.

Automatically with the Reich's membership in the League, the Locarno treaties come into effect. Germany becomes a guarantor of the security of France as France becomes a guarantor of the security of her former enemy. Great Britain and Italy join in guaranteeing the inviolability of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland. Germany and her eastern neighbors, Poland and Czechoslovakia, assume reciprocal obligations to settle their differences by peaceful means. Just as economic cooperation under the Dawes plan ended six years of futile bickering about German reparations, so in the diplomatic field these political agreements should tend to substitute friendly cooperation for allied bullying and German sabotage.

It is a hopeful augury for the permanence of these new arrangements that they should have been consummated under the premiership of Poincaré, heretofore the tireless advocate of the doctrine, "Germany understands nothing but force." Not idealism but a belated recognition that France's best interests in the long run can be subserved only through close relations with Germany dictates his new policy. Nor are the German leaders actuated by altruistic motives. They see in the League and the Locarno agreements means essential to the Reich's re-establishment as a first class power. But surely in the present semi-anarchic stage of world relations enlightened self-interest is a vastly surer foundation than the pious aspirations of idealistic internationalists.

A significant indication of the growing realization of the economic interdependence of France and Germany was the signing of an ad interim treaty of commercial amity on August 5. This is the closest commercial bond ever entered into by these two frequent enemies. Covering the wide range of commercial relations it gives France the benefit of the minimum German tariffs on practically all agricultural products and on many other goods. France in return grants in effect most-favored-nation treatment of German products.

Not less important are the continuing negotiations among the leaders of Belgian, German and French heavy industries. The much talked of gigantic steel trust may still be far in the future, but close working relations among the steel, coal and iron interests in these three countries are practically completed. At last big business and diplomacy are working together to knit again that intricate web of international economic relations so disastrously shattered by the war.

The League and the Mediterranean

ALMOST before Abd êl Krim lands on his Indian island, a prisoner in exile, those who vanquished him are quarreling about the spoils. The Spanish dictator, threatened by disaffection at home which before these lines appear may have resulted in startling changes in Madrid, was quick to seize an excuse to try for a diplomatic victory abroad. This he found in Tangier. Though but eight miles from Spain itself, the city and enclave are neutralized and governed by an international commission. Primo de Rivera, charging that the international control was ineffective, a few weeks ago proposed that the city and the port be incorporated in the Spanish-Moroccan zone of which it is territorially an integral part or that Spain be allowed to administer the region as a mandatory of the League of Nations. He is said to have intimated that these concessions would be an acceptable substitute for a permanent seat in the League Council.

Mussolini, who has just completed a treaty of arbitration and friendship with Spain, gave his formal support to the Spanish claim though frowning upon that part of the proposal which would give the League any supervisory power. He was careful also to add that if an international conference could be convened to reconsider the Tangier treaty of 1923, under which the territory is now governed by the consular representatives of Great Britain, France and Spain, or that of Algeciras of 1906, Italy as a signatory of the later treaty and as a Mediterranean power would ask to be represented. French opinion shortly reminded the Italian dictator that under no circumstances would Spain be permitted to cede any of its rights in Morocco to Italy.

Britain, less peremptorily but none the less firmly, insists that the neutral and unfortified status of Tangier be continued. It is one of the safest and most commodious ports in the Mediterranean, capable of sheltering a large number of submarines, and only some thirty miles west of Gibraltar. An enemy in control of it could shut a fleet out of the Mediterranean, render useless the naval forces at Malta and Cypress, and block the shortest all-sea route to India. Therefore, though Spain may be granted minor concessions in the direction of somewhat larger control, Mussolini has not the slightest chance of securing a foothold in that part of Africa. Some observers see in his support of Spain an initial move toward bargaining with France for territorial concessions in Tunis, but against this the Quai d'Orsay is and will remain adamant. It is not surprising that foreign ministers Chamberlain and Briand announced most positively that the status of Tangier would not be discussed at Geneva.

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Another African question involving a quite different alignment of three of the same powers has, however, been laid formally before the League. Abyssinia, in a note published in Geneva July 28, protested against the recent Anglo-Italian pact as a covert attack upon her independence. Britain replied that she was merely seeking permission to build a dam in northern Abyssinia to help get water to the cotton fields of the Sudan, while Italy protested that there were no ulterior motives behind her request for permission to build a railroad across eastern Abyssinia to connect Eritrea and Somaliland. Each power had merely agreed to support the other in its "requests" to the Abyssinian government! France, to whom the news of the British agreement came as a surprise, is credited in Italy as having instituted and as now directing the Abyssinian protest. In any event, this appeal of a weak and backward state to the League is an interesting test of the League machinery and of the good faith between Rome and London. One would be more confident that Britain at least would be held to her disavowal were not British public opinion, even that in the most enlightened circles, so naively trustful. Witness the following from a leading editorial in the Manchester Guardian of August 6, 1926:

> Nobody, after reading Sir Austen Chamberlain's speech on Monday, can doubt the innocence, even benevolence, of our own policy, as interpreted by him, towards Abyssinia; what remains very much in doubt is the equal innocence of the policy of Italy and the reasons which induced our Foreign Office to mix itself up in Italian projects in that country.

Russian Realists

TROTSKY, Zinoviev and now Kameneff have been thrust from power in Russia by Stalin, the Georgian boss of the Communist party. The issues on which he broke the strength of three such stalwart heirs of Lenin's power are fundamental. Trotsky, former war lord, sought to democratize the party control and was sent to the Caucasus for his health. Back in Moscow, in charge of foreign concessions, he has no longer any position in the army which he did so much to build up. Zinoviev and Kameneff differed with Stalin because of what they denounced as his favoritism to the peasants. The noisy and indefatigable head of the Third Internationale was three weeks ago deprived of his position in the powerful Political Bureau, a group of seven, which dictates the Soviet policies. Now he, too, is seeking the healing waters of the Caucasus. Kameneff, no longer commissar for foreign and domestic trade, has been relegated to his library.

The peasant more and more emerges as the real ruler of Russia. The revolution vastly multiplied the numbers of peasant land-holders, increased the proportion of small units, and strengthened the individual tendency in agriculture. So far have these developments gone that many orthodox Communists insist that the peasants have become a middle class and that some of them cannot be distinguished from small capitalists. Certainly, outraged by the disproportionate prices they must pay for everything they buy, the peasants sell less and less of their crops. Instead they tend to hoard them and rely increasingly on the products of the local village industries. No matter how much those like Zinoviev and Kameneff demand that the peasants lend their enlarged resources to help the city industries and provide a surplus for governmental export, Stalin realizes that the peasant cannot be coerced. His, therefore, is a plan of conciliation and compromise, encouraging larger crops through lower taxation while attempting by a thorough reorganization of state industries to reduce the cost of manufactured goods. This dictator may yet be considered the greatest realist produced by the revolution.

Help for the Sick Franc

BRILLIANTLY Poincaré has begun his program of fiscal rehabilitation. Wisely he has limited himself to the major task of saving the franc. In less than three weeks, with the aid of the *"grand ministère,"* representing all political parties except the Communist, the Socialist and the extreme Right, he forced Parliament to accept two important measures. His finance bill, which substantially increases the burden of both direct and indirect taxation, was rushed through both Chambers in a fortnight. These additional revenues will leave the budget still unbalanced by 62,000,000 francs, to be made up by promised economies which it will be extremely difficult to effect. But none the less, the tax bill is a notable achievement.

Acceptance of his "independent" sinking fund followed within a week. It is through this fund, to which is allocated special revenues, that he hopes to guarantee the redemption of the country's dangerously huge floating debt. But in order more solemnly to reassure the French bond holders, this provision for the protection of the governmental securities was incorporated in the Constitution through action by the National Assembly. This joint meeting of the two houses at Versailles, the third since 1875, placed the sinking fund by an overwhelming vote of 671 to 146, beyond the mere caprices of subsequent Parliaments.

In other significant ways, too, Poincaré promptly dragooned Parliament into enacting important reforms outlined by the committee of experts. But two fundamental measures insisted upon by the experts as imperative and urgent even this hard-hitting premier dared not insist upon. He has deferred, apparently indefinitely, the stabilization of the franc which the experts insisted must be begun as quickly as possible. Once a new value for the franc is officially fixed, millions of Frenchmen will for the first time be shocked into a realization of the tragic losses of inflation. It is, therefore, easy to understand why the most courageous politician might hesitate to risk thus suddenly disillusioning his fellow countrymen.

Poincaré's other lapse from the experts' program is equally serious. They unanimously declared that the British and American debt settlements must be ratified promptly. But here, also, public opinion has been too strong for the Lorraine taskmaster. Embarrassed by his own previous denunciations of the American settlement the premier postponed consideration of both agreements. There are signs that during the parliamentary recess he hopes to prepare the country for ratification. Certainly unless financial opinion is everywhere wholly mistaken, neither he nor any other premier can effect a genuinely balanced budget and establish a securely stabilized currency until American and British banking resources are available as a guarantee. Huge foreign loans are not essential. But it is necessary for London and New York to stand prepared to prevent a "run on the bank." Neither financial center will assume any such responsibility until the governmental obligations have been refunded.

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EDITORIALS

A CAMPUS bounded by the far horizon, and the round world for a study hall is the plan of a new men's college which begins its semester this week with an enrollment of 450 carefully selected students, a faculty of fifty members, drawn from American and European colleges and universities and an administrative staff that includes doctor, dentist, nurses and dieticians. The idea of a year of foreign travel for a young man as part of his education is not a new one. The experiment of combining such a "wander year" with a year of college study has been worked out under the direction of Charles F. Thwing, President-Emeritus of Western Reserve University by the University Travel Association, Inc., which he organized for the purpose. An ocean liner has been specially outfitted. College courses, with full credit, in subjects ranging from art and astronomy through foreign trade and languages to navigation and philosophy have been planned. But to what they learn from books and teachers, these lucky boys will add what may be learned from ocean winds and a ship's wake through wide seas, from contacts with men and women of many countries, from the sounds and smells and colors of foreign places, from the hedgerows of England, the broken columns of the Acropolis, Fujiyama's head above the mist. There will be little hotel life in foreign countries—the effort will be to get close to the real life of the people, and foreign governments and universities are cooperating in the effort.

A chartered ship, specially equipped, a picked faculty, all the painstaking safeguards of health and comfort—these are not easily or cheaply provided. The students of this first travel-college are necessarily young men whose families can afford to pay for educational luxuries. And even as one reads the glowing plans and imagines the excitement of beginning, say, one's sopohomore year on a ship's deck, outward bound, there come persistent questions. Is this more "spoon fed" education? What initiative and invention does it leave room for? Is it education in any such real and vital sense as the six weeks' hike of two or three ambitious classmates who play their way abroad on a liner's orchestra, or work it in the noisome hold of a cattle boat? Will these personally conducted boys actually learn more or less than the student groups who cross steerage and go vagabonding about third and fourth class, making a couple of hundred hard saved dollars buy them a summer's knowledge of the people and the ways of other lands?

The college cruise is essentially another attempt to organize adventure on a large scale. No one yet knows whether or not that can be successfully done, whether, with all our wealth and wisdom we can put into young lives any adequate substitute for the biting reality of pioneer experience or of the self-sufficient farm and village life that is so swiftly and so completely passing. After all, the thing that matters about this college cruise is whether it is only an "efficient organization" of youth's hunger to see his world, or whether it actually means the opening of another road to good adventure for the sons and daughters of our "machine age."

IT is amusing to picture the state of mind of a health officer of 1900 told that a quarter century later he was to find as one of his protagonists, as enemy and also as ally, the agile automobile. From the clumsy gas buggies of those days have come the swift shuttles which interweave city and country, sick and well, which bring pleasure and fresh air to many, but also death. Last year automobiles killed more people in Illinois, for example, than the five ancient maladies of diphtheria, typhoid fever, whooping cough, scarlet fever and measles combined. In terms of human history, it is only a brief time since we ceased to regard illness as the dispensation of a malign providence, and came to understand that much of it is subject to study and control by science. Later it became possible to work for the adjustment of men's minds as well as their bodies to the demand of their individual lives, and mental health was added to the physical field. Still more recently a study of violent death by J. J. Durrett, health officer in Memphis, Tenn. (see The Survey, July 15, 1925,) turned the attention of sanitarians to the kind of no man's land of violence and accidents, which has been explored by legislators, criminologists, engineers, and penologists, but subject, so far, to little coordinated and constructive effort. Yet as the automobile continues to rise higher and higher in the causes of death, there is hardly a health comomissioner's report which does not refer to its potentialities. Detroit officially warns parents that motor accidents were the greatest single cause of death of young children in that city; the Cattaraugus County Health Department is placing crosses at the sites of fatal accidents to warn the passing motorist and prevent future mischances; many state departments of health, perhaps notably those of Florida and California, include the supervision of motor camps as an important activity; from Chicago comes a recent proclamation by the Commissioner of Health declaring "that it is both my duty and my desire to suppress the many nerve-racking and needless noises with which Chicago is afflicted," and pointing a warning finger at the automobile; while in Philadelphia, here as an effort of the Women's Medical College and the Police Department, there has been a careful study to determine the risks run by "traffic cops" from poisoning by the exhaust gasses of automobiles. There is, of course, a credit side to the ledger: the easier escape from cities; the country weekends made possible by cheap and individualized transportation; the services of speed in bringing, for example, the chlorination outfit which th

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New York State Department of Health rushed to one of its towns some time ago to purify emergency water supplies and prevent possible epidemic; the clinics on wheels which carry education and service to remote cross-corners; the indomitable flivvers which make rural public health nursing possible. Like fire, motor power is a good servant; yet its development has added another facet to the complex world which science and education must strive to make safe for living. Will the health officers of 1950 be dealing with airplanes?

PUBLIC education in health sometimes has gone by default on the policy of the gentleman who couldn't mend his roof when it rained, and when it didn't rain, the leak didn't matter anyway; if you weren't suffering an epidemic at the moment, what was the use of talking about a disease, and if you were, there certainly was no time left to *talk* about it. Yet there are plenty of diseases which can be prevented by advance talk and education, and three of them, diphtheria, smallpox and typhoid, will be made subjects for discussion this year by the Seymour Plan for disease prevention recently adopted by the Conference of State and Provincial Health Authorities of North America. In September and October health officers cooperating in this plan are to survey the incidence of diphtheria in their communities, and to do all in their power to educate their people to the wisdom of immunizing children against it; smallpox will be the subject for November and December, and typhoid for January and February, 1927. Anyone can avoid having any one of these three serious diseases by taking a little thought and trouble; the problem of preventing them is one of overcoming individual ignorance and inertia. The psychology of the "drive" may well carry over in the prevention of disease as successfully as it has done in other pieces of public propaganda; already the first six months of New York's campaign to abolish diphtheria have shown an encouraging decline in illness and in death from that cause. An isolated health officer, beset by the claims on his attention, will be encouraged by the thought that everybody's doing it this month, and the plan, dependent for its success on local initiative, gives scope for all the help it can muster from interested individuals, the teachers, nurses, physicians, parents, even the potential patients themselves.

A CITIZEN of Nebraska seldom has any clear notion as to who it is in a given decade that may be shaping and molding the public welfare in so distant a commonwealth as Massachusetts. When we turn from such geographic divisions to vocational groupings, there is at once less and more chance of acquaintance; less, because, after all, we most of us work in pretty water-tight compartments; but more because occupations run along national lines. How many citizens of Nebraska know what William Thompson Sedgwick meant as a citizen of Massachusetts? How many settlement workers, probation officers, community chest leaders, as well as the health workers themselves, know of the outstanding services in the field of sanitation of the late Professor Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology? The medical journals would rate him for his professional accomplishments; but from the standpoint of a lay journal, the outstanding significance of the man was that he carried over into the realistic civic struggle of American cities the findings of the laboratories; he threw his weight into the application of science and repeatedly, by linking social investigation with engineering technique, he welded social values with medical. Years ago, he bore such a part as counsellor on the health side of the Pittsburgh Survey—the project from which our magazine and association take their names.

Two memorials to Professor Sedgwick have been proposed; one, a lectureship at the Institute in Boston, has already been established and the other, a medal to be awarded by the American Public Health Association for distinguished services in public health work, is now being created. Dr. M. J. Rosenau, Lee K. Frankel, C.-E. A. Winslow and others whose names are well known to Survey readers, are active on these committees. Such readers, especially, in the health field, can get in touch with the movement through the secretary, Homer N. Calver, at 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

THE opening on October 10 of the Union Apartments, built and owned by the Union Settlement, on the upper East Side, marks still another oblique attack on the housing dilemma of New York city. The dilemma, of course, is that, under competitive exploitation, land within easy reach of offices and factories on Manhattan Island is in general too dear to live on, except for the well-to-do who pay extravagant rents for new apartments, and the very poor who pay extravagant rents for old ones.

Attention has been focused during the past two years, largely through the aggressive leadership of the State Commission of Regional Planning and Housing, on the need of slum clearance and the provision of low-cost apartments for wage-earners. The pinch has been felt, too, by low-salaried and professional groups, but their turn must wait. For both sorts of under-the-market housing, the great obstacle has been the high cost of money as well as the high cost of land.

The Union Settlement, closely affiliated with the Union Theological Seminary, has been able to make this interesting use of a plot of land adjacent to its own building through the fact that the Seminary has financed its project at a low rate of interest. Fifty-three tenants will therefore be able to live in a house of architectural integrity and dignity at from twenty to thirty dollars a room a month. While well above the purchasing power of the typical resident of the neighborhood, where "cold-water flats" rent for six or seven dollars a room, these rates are still well below the prevailing figures for new construction in Manhattan.

One purpose of the settlement in this project is to create an income producing property which will aid in supporting its regular activities. Incidentally it demonstrates afresh that reasonable financing brings down rents. More specifically it seeks to make possible for social workers and others who are adventuring in the professional life of the great city to make their homes and share in the life of a tenement neighborhood under domiciliary conditions which will make for health and gracious living—a modern echo if you will of the older settlement call to residence.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

This Lady Knew Her Business

IF you were a woman, a philosophical radical, and a Jew, could you start out with a highly classical bent, take a job at nothing a week transcribing from a dictagraph, and twenty years later quit work as one of the leading women in advertising in the United States? Helen Woodward did. And here's her Odyssey in Many Windows, a set of gay, but acid-etched impressions of modern business as it looks to a woman—from the inside. It is a critique of business as an equation in human lives, and a close-up of the business man—clerk to executive—at his desk by the one who knows him best in the world, the woman in the office. And it is a vivid story of the rise of the "advertising game" on its unsteady pyramid of words—the same game that played hero for the author's husband, W. E. Woodward, in his novel Bunk. But this is better than a novel because it is as exciting yet remains sober truth: it is more than memoirs for it is packed with the side-light reflections of a human interest philosopher on why and how women succeed or fail whether taking dictation or giving it. Many Windows is the I Confess of a woman who made her jobs, gambled on new ones, invented a whole technique of book-selling, succeeded, won free from her inferiority complex (sex and racial) and laughed and thought all the way. Here Little Cinderella Stenographer finally does make more than her boss—and so gets fired.

Really here is a case book of the psychology of women in offices revealed in the author's own tale, and a score of minor dramas of other girls, with their lovers and bosses. But it is not soo stuff. It reminds me of Eleanor Wembridge's X-ray of girls at a lower level. With always a philosophical obligato on what it all means and what durable happiness and peace a woman finds. I think the book would be a mighty big help to women struggling through business life with their minds bemused on the questions: Is woman's place in the home? And can I have a career and a family? If I were one of those harassed souls called vocational counsellors I'd like to read this study of what may be called domestic relations in the office. Here Mrs. Woodward is pertinent and often poignant. Per exemplam:

> In many an office an imposing man or woman draws a big salary, while some devoted, silly, able secretary not only does the work, but makes the decisions. Many of these women, quite unconsciously, are in love with their employers, and think them a little like gods.

And she is clear cut on the temptations girls meet in business:

> Girls find temptations when and where they are ready for them, in offices and out of them. . . . Offices are like small towns. All kinds of things happen in all of them. Some of the inhabitants take part and some don't. Some know about them and some don't.

Her sketches of Eunice who had a man for a doll and of the big executive whose inhibitions blew up under pressure and were lidded down by the girl and of the serious loves and trivial amourettes are vividly instructive. So also is her little plea for getting better service by a little concession to the eternal feminine: an extra two hours a week to each girl for shopping: a kitchen with a maid or better a cook; an hour and a half for lunch with an extra half hour's work at night; tea or fruit and ten minutes' rest in the afternoon. This is what the girls would like, but they don't get it for "the idea that business had better not exist at all if its people are unhappy or underpaid is still incomprehensible jargon to most intellects." For Mrs. Woodward came out of business with small respect therefor. She never dodges about its tricks and shoddy and false slogans of service. She thinks these male pretenders to business acumen are mostly like bad little boys. She concludes that on the whole bankers have less sense than other business men.

Mrs. Woodward's style has the concrete clipped force of good advertising with no artificial pep or any of the affectations of the jazz school. You have read her "stuff" for she invented and wrote the ads to sell sets of O. Henry, Mark Twain and Stevenson in the mail-order book business. You remember—first the picture of the crisis, a teasing flash in words on the tale—and some millions went and bought the book. She helped discover the Brady Civil War photographs and sold them by the ton from the Review of Reviews until they died at the hands of the World War. She tells the rococo yarn of how she conceived and then erected a chateau for cosmetics chaperoned by Mrs. Gouverneur Morris where the unguents were administered (and sold) by trained nurses and the decorations so unique the patrons copied them at home. If you ever wondered how the tradespeople persuade the great dames to write endorsements of a face cream or a ginger ale, look through one of these windows and find out. Another will reveal how she got the gingham weavers to put out new and lovely patterns and more expensive weaves, and then taught the women of America to demand them. Through a third you can overhear the delicious Platonic dialogue (in the classical sense) between this lady and a Babbitt about how so successful a woman could be a pacifist. Her radical views never lost her a client, and her Jewish blood never gained her one in her own race. You see all her matter is "inside stuff" and she deals in names and institutions with a dare-devil frankness.

She has been the young drudge whose mental fire burned a path. Then you see the successful salesman pumping out the bright new idea daily. They give out at forty, she says. Next is the executive who does her real work over a green and yellow tray in bed and gets to the office at twelve. Then she won freedom and here is the record done

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with mixed charity and spice—a success story with an edge. We have looked at business through the rosy specs of its chiefs, and lamented its iniquities with often ignorant reformers, but never before have we had the "low down" by a brilliant woman who saw the wheels go round, and tells us about their gyrations with the sharp unbefuddled vision of the commensense sex who must finally judge all institutions and all ranks as just people. I hope you will read the book for its racy tale and because there are two or three million women who are in the mill of business and almost as many men who hire and fire them. Both need wisdom and companionship—if only in a book. If you are not "in trade" but stand amazed at this phantasmagoria of the last twenty years we call modern American life, spend a week-end looking through Many Windows. It is a salty female protagonist for Edward Bok's famous life. But I doubt it will sell so well . . . but then as Mrs. Woodward knows women are never given equal pay for equal work.

THROUGH MANY WINDOWS, *by Helen Woodward. Harper's. 387 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Dreamers of Power

VISIONARY books are always the best. Data on our past or critiques of our present interest us, but rarely thrill. Of the thrilling visionaries today there are three kinds. The power visionary dreams of a world in which energy through machines will produce the materials for a liveable life and release the race into a spacious leisure. The cosmic visionary is remolding the universe in mystic terms of ether, electrons, and light years. The not quite respectable psychic visionary seeks to persuade us we tremble on the brink of a new world of the spirit. The prophets of the new psychology and of eugenics dream dreams too but they are not yet concrete enough for poetry and drama.

Henry Ford is a power dreamer and in Today and Tomorrow he gives us a vision of the new industry distilled from his extremely practical and overwhelming success in building some thirteen million flivvers. He speaks with authority and remarkable common sense and, thanks doubtless to the genius of his collaborator, Samuel Crowther, with clarity and simplicity. His ideas are not always new, and not always true though they are based on the practice of the Ford Industries, but the book is profoundly significant for it charts the lines of thought that are slowly crystallizing in the minds of many industrial leaders. Here, my friends, is the code of our makers of things who are enlightened—or have money enough. The captains are getting together on certain main points and some of Mr. Ford's ideas are going to form the skeleton of our new materialism. Mr. Ford may be wrong (and even silly) in some of his private notions; the Ford Industries may dissolve; it will certainly be half a century until the new code wins any wide adherence—but, someday the industrial part of our civilization is going to look much like the Ford vision. So I advise you to read this book, and ponder—and call it to the attention of your sons and daughters in college.

The basis will be vast almost costless power from old sources and ones not yet revealed. This power will be put into machines to cut men's physical labor to a minimum. The inventors and overseers of these machines will be the skilled management. They will cut costs and so cut prices and enlarge their markets as Ford has done. They will hate waste of raw material and of labor like the devil and reduce it not by salvage but by planning—planning whole vertical units to mine and lumber and transport to get one standard finished product made best with least loss of labor power. How they will arrange competition for power or men or material Mr. Ford never faces for he thinks of the Ford plant in a vacuum. In a sense he has enjoyed a monopoly and so forgotten competition. His unique product and his unique methods of manufacture gave him a kind of splendid isolation, an isolation just now beginning to be intruded on by competitors.

This giant machine will be controlled by engineers looking to a satisfied public for their profits. They will fight themselves free from bankers and profiteers and absentee owners. They will hire tenders for the machines at high wages and give them year-round work, house and protect them, and set them at pleasantly routine tasks for a few hours a day in shops of enamelled spotlessness. So two things, the augurs tell us, will follow: first, labor troubles will disappear; and second, the high wages will enable these workers to become consumers of the things they make. This narrowing of the margin between costs and wages will insure consumption and tend to do away with business depressions. For the workers will buy the things they make—minus the share taken by management.

The plants will be decentralized into rural spots near the sources of power and so the workers can in part of the year be transferred to agriculture and grow what they eat as well as fabricate what they use. So big cities will be broken up, and the parasitic profiteering of urban congestion be banished. The charge that routine mechanic tasks will make dull lives and dull men is met by the simple statement that with the saved time and the increased freedom plus the use of what they make the workers will have a new leisure and a new energy with which to make their lives interesting. They will not be too tired to think at night. And here we may leave the happy worker.

This sounds dream-like, but some of the dream Mr. Ford has begun to make true in his own field. The book is not an abstraction but a breath-taking tale of things done. It is not technical, but human. The difficulties to be faced seem insuperable, but when you get the thrill out of stories of how Ford spun plate glass in a ribbon though nobody judged it possible; how he planted a new flax industry on some fifty thousand acres; of how, say, he gives his coal miners dry clothes to wear each day, then you begin to wonder whether our later Fords may not conquer the human obstacles. For the obstacles are of course the humanness of people, not the intractability of matter. Whatever the synthesis may be, the main facts are clear. First, our makers of things begin to learn that industry is for people and not people for industry. Second, power plus machines means leisure. What shall be done with this leisure Mr. Ford does not try to say—nor, thus far, does any one else.

LEON WHIPPLE

TODAY AND TOMORROW, *by Henry Ford. Doubleday-Page 281 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Erratum

WE closed our review of Sinclair Lewis' Arrowsmith with these words: "We look forward to Mr. Lewis' next book more eagerly than for any book in the world." We were mistaken. We have read Mantrap.

MANTRAP, *by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt Brace Company. 308 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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The Lesson of No Man's Land

A. HAMILTON GIBBS of the writing Gibbses of England (Sir Philip and Cosmo Hamilton are his brothers) who has now moved to the United States and in 1925 gave us Soundings, a bestseller well-joined and vivid though slight, now contributes a trenchant and useful study of post-war psychology in Labels. The theme is the readjustments, physical and spiritual, of an English family from demobilization up to date. They had all been labeled by the War: Sir Thomas Wickens of the Stock Exchange with a knighthood for recruiting and financial services on the home front; Captain Dicky Wickens with a D. S. O. after four years up to his neck in disillusioning muck; Madge, the sister, with a V. A. D. record, bruised in soul and flip of surface to hide how her ideas and her sex had been twisted by her nursing horrors; and Tom, the eldest, with a nick-name "Conchy," yet stern and unbroken after internment and near-insanity in a camp for conscientious objectors. They have all changed, and Sir Thomas's smug self-gratulation, Madge's slangy bad-manners, Dick's contemptuous questions, and the social obloquy that falls on the convalescent Tom simply blew the home and the old life to bits. His father kicks Tom out (into radical writing) and Dick and Madge strangely enough side with him, and go too—to find a new life in America. Lady Wickens—the eternal Mother—binds up her husband's pride and he sets out to erect on his knighthood won for patriotism a peerage won by ostentatious charity to the wounded heroes.

Major Gibbs (for this author speaks first hand, having been trooper in 1914 and major in 1918) maintains this thesis: those who lived through the war got a conception of the blind forces in the race and a sense of inane brutality in the cosmos that set them apart forever, and kept them from rejoining in spirit the people who stayed at home and took war second-hand. The raw vision of life they had that left them spiritually shell-shocked, brooding, restless, cynical, inert and empty, is not told in words, possibly cannot be. If I may venture an interpretation, Major Gibbs means that anybody who learned by fact that the so-called civilized part of the race was in 1914, and will be again the victim of an extra-human will-for-slaughter—a force that can overwhelm the state, the church, the arts of beauty and home-making, prostitute the goods of science to destruction, and supplant both truth and common-sense with a siren of false propaganda—has really nothing to live for. Why take hold again and build for this blind obscenity to munch and spit out? The real fighters soon learned they were all alike. No nation or set of men or one man caused the war. Nobody wanted war. But war came. It was a kind of self-poison arising out of the greed and jealousy in the heart of the race. That formula reduces life to zero. And since the stay-at-homes had not seen life reduced to zero they couldn't understand. They thought you could blame some one!

Now, Major Gibbs' "readjustments"—marriage, jobs, children, a bitter successful play by Tom—are not answers but ways of growing callous, indifferent, forgetful with respect to the raw fact that they have, as the author puts it, "outgrown nearly every damn thing according to its pre-war definition—honesty, decency, politics, patriotism, any of them! The labels were all wrong." They had to develop "a three-legged technique of living"—the third leg having been won in No Man's Land. And in a strange way they were glad they had learned what they had there . . . "a conscience in full-working order," Madge called it. Major Gibbs' real answer seems to be time and evolution. The pacifist replies to Dick's blind interrogation:

"The answer is more and better wars!"

"Do you mean that?" asked Dick.

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "How many centuries did it take for a giraffe to grow a neck?"

Dick nodded. "I see!" he said. "Then we are helpless idiots?"

"Oh, no!" said Tom. "That presupposes a lost intelligence, and God knows we've never had that! It's part of evolution, that's all. . . . Give us time and we may be quite intelligent yet. What's a few aeons more or less?"

The same notion is developed when Dick finally "gets human again" in a talk with another half-mad *revenant*. The author does not say what we know he personally feels that so long as the threat of war is over us the race may remain shell-shocked and at zero. And that rather unwinds the mainspring of evolution!

The courage and knowledge of this book are in this stark facing of the inanity of war to warriors. I fear this will not prove a best-seller, for the philosophy and psychology far outweigh the things that made Soundings readable if not very significant. There survives however the sharp differentiation of characters; the same lively and here disputatious dialogue; and some dramatic moments, in spiritual if not physical crises. The best drawn people are Sir Thomas and his wife, probably because the author seems to hate Sir Thomas vigorously and can express his hate in conventional symbols that still fit. For the others portrayal depends a bit too much on swearing (Can their Christs and by Gods prefigure a religious escape?) and on incessant punctuation by symbol cigarettes. But after all how can you picture in people an incomprehensible and incommunicable sense of personal and racial futility?

LABELS, *by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little Brown. 295 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

LEON WHIPPLE

Re-Echo From the South

TO THE EDITOR:

Allow me to thank you for your excellent and more than generous review of The Advancing South [Survey Graphic for September, 1926]. To find such a reader and critic is some compensation to one who tried to render a service to the entire country. The response to the book has been most gratifying and the sale has been reasonably satisfying,

Especially noteworthy and gratifying has been the favorable attitude of the Southern press. I am afraid that I am not quite the hero you make me out, for almost without exception southern editorials and reviews have gone the limit in championing the book. I can but compare my fate with that of Walter Page, and this in itself is indicative of the soundness of my thesis. You will be surprised to know that the sale of the book has been most notable in Nashville (500 copies), Asheville, Durham, and Birmingham.

The only disappointment has been in the sale to Northern readers. They seem to prefer their own generalizations and have been rather apathetic despite the fact that numerous reviewers like you have emphasized the value for those who do not know enough about the present South.

EDWIN MIMS

Vanderbilt University, Nashville

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AN ADVENTURE IN MIDWIFERY

(*Continued from page* 27)

overlooking the deep pools of the stream as to suggest the house of the Three Bears when Goldilocks discovered it, we hope Wendover is but the first of several centers to be built during the year to enable our work to follow its normal expansion.

The money for our third center, to be located where Beech Fork and Middle Fork join, ten miles above Wendover, has just been given by Mrs. Ayer of Boston, as a memorial to her Kentucky mother, Jessie Preston Draper.

Construction should shortly start on the permanent building for the Hyden nurses and country supervisor, without which they could hardly face a second winter. The Hyden District Nursing Committee has held a drive and gone over the top with the thousand dollars which was its quota. The rest of the money is being solicited from individuals and groups, mostly in Kentucky, as no large donor of the whole happens to be in the offing.

What are our objectives?

Leslie is a laboratory, our field of research as well as our beginning. We ask ourselves questions like these:

Will our maternal and infant death-rate in rural sections of Kentucky be lowered by this system of nurse-midwives to figures comparable with those of the Old World?

What area and population can be served by each nurse, combining midwifery with generalized public health nursing? What part of her time is claimed by midwifery? What part by general nursing? We are keeping very exact daily records in order to answer this.

What will the cost be? What part can be borne locally? In the Hebrides, with somewhat similar population and economic conditions, it was found that about 20 per cent of the costs could be borne locally—in other parts of the Highlands as high as 80 per cent.

Will the people accept this service? Will the nurses do it? These questions we are answering already.

Is it economically possible to provide for this service and from what sources other than local support? Educational work is largely met by endowments. Perhaps we are coming to an era when health will be as well endowed as education. Military authorities speak of our "tiny army," with but one soldier to each thousand of the population. Is the idea of one nurse to each thousand of our rural population inconceivable? In the Hebrides they do better than that.

Can the service extend indefinitely with nurses only? Or must the nurses eventually be used for the supervision of small groups and a class of midwife-attendants trained to work under them? Time will tell.

Meanwhile we take heart, even though the trail is hard in the blazing, because we are seeking answers to our questions in the only place where we believe they are to be found.

THE MEXICAN CHURCH ON TRIAL

(*Continued from page* 15)

boycott against luxuries—autos, amusements, fine clothes and epicurean foods—in its war with the Government. (The saving goes to pay for boot-leg masses at fifty pesos a head). And yet, in the case of Mexico, this is a misguided effort. The Church has failed, not because its members have become leisure-loving, but because the mass of people in Mexico are denied even the minimum of life's necessities. Thanks partly to the Church in its failure to reorient itself to modernism, thirteen million people in Mexico have been forced to maintain a luxury boycott against the nation for over four centuries.

And the Indian renascence! The vulgar mind pictures the reemergence of Indianism as meaning retrogression, degeneracy, reversion to barbarism. This is to lack historical and anthropological perspective. The great mass force of Mexico is Indian, and the future happiness and strength of the country depends not upon a Nordic overlordship, not upon the inrush

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(In answering advertisements please mention THE SURVEY. *It helps us, it identifies you.)*

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		$147,923.86
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of foreign capital, but upon the proper revaluation of the worthwhile elements of the native culture in terms consonant with the modern world. Indianism—with its weird beauty and fantastic mysticism—is precisely one of the most powerful revitalized currents that has swept over Mexico during the past fifteen years—a current which Manuel Gamio, the eminent Mexican archaeologist clearly appreciated, and to which he attempted to give intelligent and scientific direction in his monumental social-anthropological labors in Teotihuacán and Oaxaca. This current, also the Church has failed to understand, promote, or profit by.

The Church advertises twelve million Catholic Indians in Mexico. True enough! Yet I have already indicated the elements of paganism and polytheism that have been absorbed into the Catholic medium. To the native mind Christ and Quetzalcoatl are not mutually exclusive, antagonistic—they are holy confrères in the newer pantheon. In many an outlying part of the country the Indians have democratized the Catholic ceremony and carry on the rites after their own fashion, often behind closed doors. In some places old sacrifices continue and are a secret counterpoise to the openly practiced religion. In many places the Church wedding is followed by the customary Indian ceremony. The greatest genius of the Church in Mexico was revealed when it grafted the European institution on to native practices. But as the Church became more and more an instrument of the Conquest, more a part of the traditional feudal and superstate machinery, it ceased to continue this work of welding the Church into an integrated religious expression. Institutional cohesion was never really achieved. Today the Church in Mexico, in spite of the fanaticism of its following, is atomized; and it is divided against itself on racial and caste lines. This is partly the result of the maintenance of so many foreign priests, partly due to its material wealth, partly due to its historical feudal role.

The Mexico of today has swept past the Church. Today the Church in Mexico is not the political factor it would impress itself as being to the outside world. Its ruling authority is centralized, but its functioning is decentralized; the two are not one texture. Hence only the hierarchy responds to the leadership of Rome; but the hierarchy (except in a few of the larger centers) does not effectively exercise a national force based on popular loyalty.

With local religious autonomy the Government has in no way interfered. The contest of the Government has been with the central hierarchy and its foreign ramifications, not against the Church as a religion or even as a cult. And though the priests on August 1 folded up their tents and stole away the churches are still open; and the Indian feels no particular offense against his religious sentiments. He can still light his candles before the altar; he can still kneel and pray; he can still organize his local fiestas; and the placing of the church in the hands of a local committee of ten stirs his imagination and flatters his self-importance, for it runs sympathetically with his ideas of communal activity and cooperation. He discovers that he can now get married in a very simple but holy manner without the payment of an exorbitant fee. The other customary exactions of the clergy no longer lay on him a constant strain; he finds his religion more pleasurably spontaneous and less obligatory. The priests, by abandoning the churches, have played directly into the hands of this newer Indian autonomy. And it is the Government and the revolution, not the Church, that have given the Indians lands, political rights, personal guarantees, which have inculcated in them a spirit of freedom that will not be easily eradicated.

And thus the Church, for better or worse, finds itself on the outer fringe of Mexican life. It had, early in its career identified itself with the Indian consciousness, and the reformatory labor of the early fathers, Gante, Motolinía, Sahagún, Bartolomé de las Casas, Magá Catalá, Vasco de Quiroga created a tradition of human liberty and racial pride that succeeding generations saw strangled. Had the Church in Mexico built up a native priesthood, had it continued its efforts to synthesize the religious customs, had it—feeling the need of political intervention—built up a party half as enlightened as the *Partito Popolare* in Italy (which placed itself in the vanguard of agrarian reform), the Church would not now be repeating here the story of its bitter struggles with the state—as in Italy, in France, in England, in countries that have fought for

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civil liberty and international prestige. Instead of attempting to root itself in the national needs and in the more vital trends of modern times, the Spanish-Aztec Church has preferred to fight every effort of progress, it has preferred to bicker over legal restrictions that have nothing to do with its spiritual tasks. Had the Church more vitality and significance and world-fresh outlook, it could afford to obey these technicalities of the law with the sphynx-like smile of its eternally persistent power. Indeed the priests on August 1 said in effect to the members of the Church,

We don't like the laws of the land. We refuse to register as professionals with the civil authorities. To do so would violate the sovereigntv of the Church. Therefore we shall no longer give you spiritual consolation. If you don't like going to Hell, if you want your original sin washed away through baptism, if you want to live in holy wedlock instead of free love, then you must overthrow the Government so that these laws will not be enforced.

Or if the Church did not desire such a drastic outcome, then it felt that such medieval tactics would frighten the government. And so with a few minor riots, the casting of stones from the church roofs, the arrest of a considerable number of the disturbers, and the loss of fewer lives than in the recent electoral contests, the priests gave over the churches into the hands of the municipal authorities and the native energies.

As a matter of fact the State in Mexico is fighting the Church's battle. It says, in general terms, to the Church,

You shall no longer meddle in unprofitable political affairs and menace the peace, stability, and sovereignty of the country. You shall no longer intrigue for outside intervention. You shall no longer ferment revolts against the established Government. You must become, once and for all, politically subordinate to the State. Your sphere is spiritual and moral. You cannot enter into heaven with worldly goods: there is no need for you to accumulate them on this earth at the expense of the independence and prosperity of the people of the land. The days are gone when you can own half the cultivated area of the country and mortgage the rest. You represent, in your present attitude and your present form of organization, part of the Spanish conquest that enslaved a people. You are part of a cruel experiment in empire. It is not against your spiritual precepts that we are fighting, but against your traditions of feudal overlordship. We are doing nothing that has not been done in other modern nations: separating church and state, prohibiting political meddling, secularizing education, eliminating foreign-born priests, lifting from the nation the dead hand of mortmain property.

The Mexican government could go on to say:

You have not availed yourself of the great possibilities of educating a people; you have built gorgeous temples and left a people in hovels and rags. Many of these expensive temples you built in the past with conscript labor, not for religious advancement, but merely because the building of them, under colonial law, entitled you to immense *repartimientos* of land. We are liberating you from this incubus of your dead past. We remove from you the necessity of dissipating your energies in futile political and material struggles; we free you to devote yourself whole heartedly and unobstructedly to a purely religious function; we give you once more the opportunity to build up a native priesthood which will be part of the life of the country and which will be able to found its spiritual aspiration on the native needs.

What will be the answer? Will a new national Church result? If the Church continues its recalcitrancy will the Government then have the magnificent effrontery of Henry VIII to create a new religious entity? Or will the priests come back to their tasks in a chastened mood? Will the Church remain an inadequate and ineffective expression of the deep-seated needs of a people fundamentally mystical and religious? Will it falteringly continue trying to be a political and material force, but a vague shadow of its one-time spiritual power? Or will the Church prove still strong enough to gather up its forces for a bloody struggle with the State, plunge the country back into bloodshed, retard the national development, and live vulture-wise on the spoils of its false victory? There is still a nobler answer. Will the Church, purified and made wiser by these troublous events, come to discover the real Mexico, postulate new messages of service in terms of its wider understanding, and thus become a potent liberating force for a people which has known four centuries of bitter humility and servitude?

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MY PHILADELPHIA

(*Continued from page* 11)

without an extra place for the young friend whom each was free to bring home over night without notice and it was characteristic of our mother's utter unselfishness that she assented to my going to Cornell, because I should there have abundant young companionship which my early childhood had so lacked.

I was the third of eight children, all fine, healthy boys and girls, of whom all but three died in infancy and early childhood from infections now universally recognized as preventable and actually prevented more effectually every year.

After the death in 1859, of my elder sister Elizabeth, aged two years, entries in the family Bible followed with pitiful frequency. There were, all told, five in twelve years: Marian in 1863, aged eleven months; Josephine in 1865, aged seven months; Caroline in 1869, aged four months; and Anna in 1871, aged six years.

All this grief, this anguish of frustrated hope occurred, not on the plains as a hardship of pioneer life, not in the Great American Desert where physicians were out of reach, but within four miles of Independence Hall, in one of the great and famous cities of the Nineteenth Century. These tenderly cherished young lives were sacrificed, not to the will of God, as mothers were taught throughout the long history of the race but, as we know now, to the prevailing ignorance of the hygiene of infancy.

As late as 1918 our Republic was laggard in the care of mothers and young children. We were number ten among the nations when measured by our infant deathrate. With great joy, therefore, I recognized that a new day had dawned and that, sooner or later, there would be an end to the nation-wide tragedy of mothers bereft of their young children. For in July of that year Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the first woman member of Congress, introduced in the House of Representatives her bill for an appropriation by Congress to be distributed among the states, and by them administered in cooperation with the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. Three years later this bill, first known as the Rankin-Robinson bill and afterward as the Sheppard-Towner Act, was passed by Congress, and signed by President Harding on November 23, 1921.

For four years this life-saving measure has been administered with extraordinary intelligence and success by the Children's Bureau cooperating with the state health departments. Under its stimulus, public health nurses have been introduced in hundreds of counties where they had hardly been heard of. Clinics and classes for mothers and little children have been spread over backward states many of which, four years ago, had appallingly high death rates. State boards of health publish with pride the falling infant death rates, and stir in turn the professional pride of local officials and voluntary associations in this beneficent rivalry.

Of all the activities in which I have shared during more than forty years of striving, none is, I am convinced, of such fundamental importance as the Sheppard-Towner Act. It establishes the principle that the Republic shares with each state responsibility for the life and health of the children. Under it death rates are showing a downward trend, educational provisions under medical guidance are spreading, many of the fatal infections of childhood are increasingly controlled. Lonely ranches in Arizona and Idaho and slum dwellers in the most congested cities are increasingly able to command resources for safety of their young children, undreamed of by women of my mother's generation. Forty-three states and Hawaii are cooperating, all the states except Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Maine and Massachusetts.

My own modest share in this life-saving measure is an abiding happy memory. When the Children's Bureau bill passed in 1912, I was consulted among its advocates as to the order in which the subjects assigned to the Bureau for enquiry should be taken up. I urged immediate study of infant mortality. Sir Arthur Newsholme's monumental volume, then recent, pointed the way, and revealed by contrast this Republic's deplorable ignorance concerning our young children. An admir-

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able series of Infant Mortality Studies followed. By 1918, a foundation of facts had been made available by the Children's Bureau for the use of Congress, which carried conviction and greatly expedited the passage of the Sheppard-Towner Act in 1921.

That Act is threatened with destruction. Congress adjourned in July without voting the appropriation necessary to its continuance. The House voted to continue the Act for two years; the Senate Committee reported the bill favorably, but with an amendment which would authorize the appropriation for only one additional year, i. e., to June 30, 1928. Supporters of the bill refused to accept this amendment. The measure was debated on June 15, but did not come to a vote and is thus left on the calendar for the short session beginning in December. The biennial legislatures meeting in January will need to know how far Uncle Sam is continuing his cooperation with them, in order to meet his requirements intelligently in their own appropriations.

On July 8, Senator Bayard of Delaware sponsored in the Congressional Record thirty-five pages in support of charges that this life-saving measure and three others constitute a conspiracy for nationalizing American children. The other three measures are the Children's Bureau bill, the Federal Department of Education bill and the Child Labor amendment.

The Congressional Record is privileged. No suit, civil or criminal, can be brought against it. For libel and scurrility it is, therefore, a safe refuge and has been repeatedly so used in the long struggle for safety of life of the children who will be this Republic when present senators have gone to their reward.

The Record is so queer and dull that Senator Bayard's action would ordinarily be dismissed with the old joke that, when counsel for the defense has no case, he abuses the plaintiff's attorney. But this year one third of the Senators come up for election in November, and candidates were franking copies to their constituents as early as July, knowing that interest even in the Record is keen this year.

At this crisis in the history of the Sheppard-Towner Act it behooves the citizens of this country to ponder these questions:

Are we the billionaire miser among the nations?

When a family lets a sick child die and deliberately calls in no physician, a charge of manslaughter lies, and no plea of religious conviction or of dire poverty suffices. Do we as a people belong in that company?

If the opposition should triumph at the coming session as it did at the last one, if the authorization should not be renewed, if the Act be starved to death, shall we not stand revealed as too mean to keep alive helpless future citizens when we thus reject the methods that we, ourselves, have found effective wherever we have applied them, and that are used by all enlightened nations?

How does Congress propose to defend itself when voting mothers in all parts of the country ask again, as they did in 1919 and 1920, when the Sheppard-Towner bill was first pending, "Why does Congress wish babies to die?"

I should be false to the memory of a tender and grief-stricken mother if these pages were printed without reference to the need of action by Congress at the December Session.

FATHER built in 1850 a house in an ample square in West Philadelphia, four miles as the crow flies from Independence Hall, near what became, long after, Fairmount Park West. In that house I was born in September, 1859. It is now a hospital for women and children at Forty-first and Parrish Streets. The land had been a part of the estate of Judge Peters, and Father's plan was to participate in its development. He made his home there to the end of his life—forty years. Unfortunately the development lagged, and the story was often told in our family how, at Thanksgiving time, while I was a babe in arms, Mother called the members of her household to the front windows to see a flock of turkeys being driven into town to market for the holiday. She foretold that this was the last moving object they would see passing our house before Easter; and time proved the prophecy correct.

In this isolated home as time went on, my great resource was the library in the study. I have mentioned how on my

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tenth birthday I began to make its acquaintance in good earnest.

The top shelf was filled chiefly with modestly bound, small volumes of the Family Library. Though I understood almost nothing in these books of so-called Natural Science, and there were no illustrations to help, I did learn the names of Newton, Galileo, Giordano Bruno, Kepler, Copernicus and a few other astronomers, chemists and physicists whom I thereafter revered indiscriminately, classing them all with Dr. Priestley, who was a friend of Benjamin Franklin and, as will presently appear, a hero of the family.

Walter Scott, in nine large volumes of bad print, stood on a high shelf and was early reached. He saw me well along through the year of my twelfth birthday, partly because we left home in September and did not return until the following spring. That winter the Library of Congress afforded Dickens and Thackeray, along with Miss Alcott and Horatio Alger.

At home there was little poetry beyond Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Goldsmith and several anthologies dear to my memory. But there were long shelves of history. Full sets of the writings of President Madison, and Daniel Webster's orations, and the histories of Bancroft, Prescott and Francis Parkman, alone must have weighed hundreds of pounds.

Emerson's essays and Dr. Channing's sermons midway down the shelves, were identified, by their dates, with Father's sojourn in Boston as a young jeweler specializing in enameling. Indeed, when a costly set of gold cups were ordered for the Imaum of Muscat, Father's skill brought his employer a gold medal from the Massachusetts Mechanics' Association. But his free time was given to these leaders of thought in New England.

Fortunately for me, Emerson, Channing, Burke, Carlyle, Godwin and Herbert Spencer were near the floor, and I was nearly fifteen when I arrived at them. Even later, I encountered the toughest nut in that whole library, and soon gave up the tall, soberly bound volume as hopelessly beyond me. This was the collected plays of Wycherley, Congreve and Farquhar. Later, when the books were divided among us after our father's death, a brother examining this volume asked sternly:

"Didn't Father once say that you had read all these books?"

When I replied that I had read all but the law books he exclaimed:

"If he, or we, had known when you came to this one, you would have been stopped right there." No harm had been done, however, for that volume had floored me completely and had been abandoned.

Only the circumstance that I was a very lonely child deeply ashamed of having no school experience, and was thereby goaded to strive against my consequent ignorance by my own unguided effort, could have kept me at work six years (nearly seven) upon this huge, indigestible, intellectual meal.

OUR mother's maiden name was Caroline Bartram Bonsall, and her best known Quaker ancestor was John Bartram, the botanist, whose famous garden is now Bartram Park in Philadelphia. John Bartram, with Benjamin Franklin and William Coleman, was third among the founders of the American Philosophical Society where he represented the science of botany. He was also an explorer and a maker of beautiful maps.

On a stone in the front wall of his house, John Bartram chiseled his simple creed:

'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord
The Holy One, by me adored
John Bartram 1770

He was one of the earliest emancipators of slaves in the colonies. To a friend he said: "With us they are now free I give those whom Thee saw of mine eighteen pounds a year, with victuals and clothes, and all other privileges which white men enjoy."

On the death in 1838 of our maternal grandfather, Henry L. Bonsall, a direct descendant of John Bartram, his little daughter Caroline whose mother had died five years before became by adoption (but retaining her name), the daughter

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of Isaac and Elizabeth Kay Pugh, who had been dear friends and neighbors of her parents.

Their peaceful home in Germantown, of which my earliest recollection was darkened by the death of President Lincoln, is to this day my ideal. Having none of their own they gathered in four little girls, of whom two were, like my mother, orphans. Never were father and mother more tenderly loved by children of their own flesh and blood than these.

Serene as was the daily life of this delightful home, it was animated by vital and lasting intellectual activities, rooted far back in England and America. Our grandmother, Elizabeth Kay Pugh, was born in a family of Unitarians, who came from England with Joseph Priestley, the chemist and Non-Conformist minister. In 1791, his chapel had been burned and his house sacked by a mob at Fairfield, Birmingham. He and his family escaped, but his material possessions and the records of chemical experiments, the labor of years, were annihilated. Going to London, he became preacher at Gravel Pit Chapel, Hackney, until 1794, when with his wife he emigrated to America. Sailing by the same vessel, as friends and sympathizers, were the parents and family of Elizabeth Kay.

Isaac Pugh, husband of Elizabeth Kay, was born in Pennsylvania in 1799, and was educated at Westtown Friends' Boarding School. When late in life he became blind, he talked to us with pleasure of his school days there. The Society of Friends was perfectly consistent in educating children according to its conviction of the importance of simplicity. When as a schoolboy he was required to memorize Goldsmith's Traveller, he tied his book to the handles of his plough, and learned the poem as he made his contribution to the support of the school. There was a tradition that he and his schoolmates long preceded Emerson in breakfasting on apple pie, for which incidentally they had gathered and peeled the apples, and ploughed and helped to harvest the wheat. The serious and practical discipline of this honored school, inculcating by word and deed frugality and rectitude, contributed undoubtedly to that boy's sternly upright character under the strains of later life.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Isaac Pugh had become senior partner of a prosperous and enterprising firm manufacturing wall paper. They had large contracts with southern dealers. When the war brought bankruptcy to southern cities these contracts became valueless. As the eldest and most experienced of the three partners, Grandfather Pugh felt responsible, and refused to avail himself of the bankruptcy law. He shouldered the debts of the firm, sacrificed almost all his property and, helped unweariedly by our Grandmother, struggled and saved throughout fifteen years of continuous effort and succeeded, on the salary of a modest position in the Philadelphia post office, in paying principal and interest, before blindness made work impossible at the age of eighty-three.

Sarah Pugh, Grandfather's sister, born in 1800, and thus a year his junior, small and slight of figure while he was tall and gaunt, silent almost as himself, was an eager Abolitionist. If she had had her way, their ivy-clad, conventional looking old home for fifty years would have been a station of the Underground Railroad, harboring from time to time fugitive slaves on their way to Canada and freedom. Long after the Civil War, she was still gently grieved that the home of her deeply beloved brother had had no share in that secret, dangerous protest.

Naturally I remember only conversations after Mr. Lincoln's death, when his Proclamation of Emancipation had long put an end to that strange, systematic violation of the law, so successfully carried out by the most conscientious citizens conceivable!

To every suggestion of this lost opportunity, however, our grandfather replied, throughout his long life:

"The Civil War was fought to save the Union, and to prevent the extension of slavery to the free States. These ends were achieved without the use of this house."

Following this came quite regularly our grandmother's quiet comment:

"I have never been clear that it was not possible for this country to do as England did—buy the slaves and set them free without a war."

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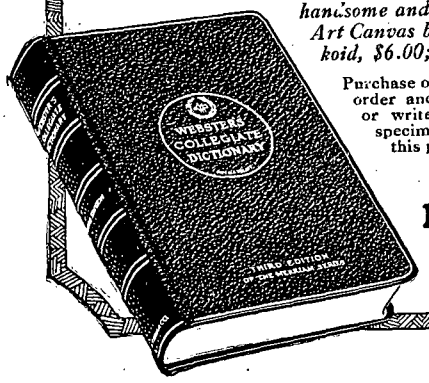

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There was never any further conversation; each had borne testimony after the manner of the Society of Friends. Our gentle Grandmother's rule of action was: Nothing in life is so important as peace, especially peace in the home.

NOT until I had gone to college and come back to this harmonious trio, did the significance of the fact dawn upon my mind that Greataunt Sarah. after teaching school a quarter century, had retired at the age of fifty years from her profession, to give her time entirely to promoting the anti-slavery movement, peace, woman suffrage, the single standard of morals for men and women, and free trade.

Stenography was then unknown to women, if indeed stenography had become known beyond the bounds of Washington, D. C., where few Congressmen had secretaries competent to use it. All her work was done through letters in writing as clear as print. Scores of times have I heard her murmur to long-staying ladies calling upon our grandmother: "I am glad to have seen Thee; and now I have a little writing to do."

No physician performing operations at fixed times in a hospital and keeping office hours day by day; no lawyer moving from office to court-room and back again; no teacher in school, was ever more methodically active than the silent little Quakeress who sat at least half of every day at her desk, in her room, writing letters to Cobden and Bright, to John Stuart Mill, Lady Stanley of Alderley and the Duchess of Sutherland, and later on for many years, to Mrs. Josephine Butler, of sainted memory, throughout her terribly painful crusade to abolish the Contagious Diseases Acts in England.

A whole new world opened to me the day when I first observed that she never under any circumstances used sugar, even in tea. In Philadelphia Friends' parlance I asked:

"Aunt Sarah, why does Thee never eat sugar? and why are Thy underclothes linen even in winter?" I had seen her skilfully mending the fine linen while she talked to me about her English correspondents.

"Cotton was grown by slaves, and sugar also," she replied; "so I decided many years ago never to use either, and to bring these facts to the attention of my friends."

Not meaning to be impertinent, I said: "Aunt Sarah, does Thee really think any slaves were freed because Thee did not use sugar or cotton?"

Perfectly tranquil was her reply: "Dear child, I can never know that any slave was personally helped; but I had to live with my own conscience."

A DEAR and honored friend of the household in Germantown was Lucretia Mott, the internationally beloved preacher of the Society of Friends, who lived within easy driving distance and came occasionally on Sunday afternoon. In winter these two frail little figures sometimes sat in the charming back-parlor of the old house before a cheerful log fire knitting in protest against the prevailing rigid Sabbatarianism of Philadelphia. This must have been solely to appease their own consciences, for I cannot remember any other visitor arriving while they were thus occupied. Nothing in our grandmother's demeanor ever expressed the trial that she endured when these mild, protesting citizens carried on their Sunday afternoon knitting on the porch, in the long spring, summer and autumn of the mild Philadelphia climate, visible to passers-by who might be shocked, but could never be enlightened by their procedure which they had no means of interpreting. Lucretia Mott's great-granddaughter, Marianna Parrish, is my sister-in-law, wife of my brother, Albert Bartram Kelley.

Under Aunt Sarah's exceedingly fine, close-fitting cap of almost transparent net, her silver hair was bobbed in all my memories of her. This was the nearest approach possible for her to freedom in dress. She had not, like Grandfather Pugh, married "out of meeting." She remained true to the rigidly simple garb of the Friends as long as she lived. But so far as I know, she was unique in her half-century long silent protest against the compulsory usage of long hair for women.

From this grandaunt, Father's conviction that children must know the life of boys and girls less fortunate than themselves received strong confirmation, and was broadened to early concern for the lot of all women. To me she seemed conscience incarnate, and it was quite natural that, as a girl of fifteen years, I received from Aunt Sarah reprints of Mrs. Josephine Butler's addresses to the Queen, and to Parliament, for immediate abolition of segregation of women in lock hospitals in England and India. In the vain effort to protect the health of the British army, these concealed, secreted troops of unfortunate women were permanently maintained out of English taxes.

The injustice, the suffering, the inevitably unsuccessful attempt in another country to reduce loathsome disease by oppressing women, haunted the conscience of this Pennsylvania Friend as though these evils had been present in Philadelphia where she lived. And like Father, she followed the principle that no deeply rooted evil can ever be finally eradicated except by stirring the minds of the on-coming generation to abiding awareness of the changes that they will have to complete.

Aunt Sarah never wrote for publication or spoke in meetings, and her money contributions from her salary as a teacher, from which she conscientiously saved for her old age (she died at eighty-three) must have been most modest. Her influence both within and without the Society of Friends was exerted largely through personal friendships which she cultivated assiduously.

In our era of amplifiers, radio inserts in moving picture shows, full-page advertisements in metropolitan dailies, and all the troop of libelers and vilifiers, spreading their perversions over a continent, it is hard, indeed, to recreate in imagination the faith and patience of reformers using such quiet methods in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. Yet it is a matter of history that, in 131 years the protests of Pennsylvania Friends never ceased—between 1732 when Friends in Rittenhouse Meeting adopted a minute that "It is the sense of this meeting that it is unseemly for Friends to hold human beings, as chattels," and forthwith set free all their own slaves—and 1863, when President Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation. And their methods, which never provoked opposition or resistance, were far more effectual than appeared upon the surface.

Our mother's own father, Henry L. Bonsall, married "out of meeting" and we, his grandchildren, were therefore never "birthright" Quakers. Our mother's father by adoption, Isaac Pugh, having married into the Unitarian family of Kay, close and intimate friends of Dr. Priestley, was also "out of meeting." It is characteristic of Friend Isaac Pugh that he gave our mother, in 1839, a piano as a birthday present and thereafter, having thus again disregarded the tenets of the Society of Friends, continued to sit throughout the Sunday meeting on the last seat at the rear of the meeting-house, except when he accompanied our grandmother to the Unitarian Church whose minister was Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, succeeded for several years by Mr. Charles Gordon Ames.

In this atmosphere of peace, affection, obedience to conscience, and faithful adherence to conviction, our mother grew up, and it was in this Quaker home in Germantown that I spent most of the happiest days of my childhood.

PARTLY because of my mother's fear of the possible loss o her last surviving daughter, and no less because of my unusual susceptibility to infection, my school life was almos nil. I could never attend regularly or complete a school year my longest uninterrupted attendance being five or six month beginning with my thirteenth birthday, at Miss Mariann Longstreth's school for girls in Philadelphia. A few weeks i a delightful little school in Germantown when I was eigh years old had ended in bed and a winter of rheumatism. At tendance in 1868, at the Friends' School at Fifteenth and Rac Streets, Philadelphia, was cut short by scarlet fever, due doubt less to travel in the filthy horse-cars.

Fortunately this disaster did not occur until I had garnere several precious memories. Never to be forgotten are th Fourth Day meetings in the austere simplicity and peaceft quiet of Friends' meeting-house, boys sitting on one side, girl on the other, and Friends facing the school, awaiting i reverent silence the possible moving of the Spirit, to bea testimony to the Truth in the presence of the young. Th benches were of wood, uncushioned; the weekly hour seeme endless and was brightened only by the flickering hope that th Spirit might begin promptly, so that belated admonitions coul

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not interfere with the out-door play hour that followed the service.

Some one had given me, as a philopena gift, an almost invisibly tiny diamond in a thin thread of a gold ring. In order that my nine years old thoughts should not be distracted, this was left every Fourth Day (Wednesday) morning with a teacher who stood at our entrance. It was duly returned to me at the close of the session.

An interesting item of the Friends' School life was the pupils' share in continuous help to the school for the children of Freedmen (former slaves emancipated in 1863). This school was maintained by two women on St. Helena island off the coast of South Carolina.* There were frequent requests from our teachers for garments and books that *we liked* ourselves. It was carefully explained that while gifts might be sent that were outgrown, there was never any sending of things that were out-worn or cast off. This practical sharing in the early effort to educate the Negroes has led many boys and girls to keep on helping throughout life. To it, in part, I trace my active participation during the past sixteen years in the work of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

A painful incident of this brief school attendance was passing a large, forbidding looking brick building and seeing from the car window on our homeward way, when we had half-day sessions ending at noon, little skinny girls waiting on the sidewalk before the closed doors. The building was a textile mill, and the children were "hands" returning from their noon half-hour for dinner.

At that time children, even in Massachusetts, could work ten hours a day in a cotton mill, at the age of ten years; and Pennsylvania had no limit upon ages or hours of work by day or by night.

* Penn School, the oldest school for Negroes in the South, founded by Dr. Towne of Philadelphia, and her associate, Miss Murray. The work is carried forward today by their successors, Rossa B. Cooley and Grace Bigelow House; and readers of The Survey will recall Miss Cooley's series of articles in 1923-24 in the Survey Graphic, to be brought out this fall as a New Republic book: Homes of the Freed.

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In 1871 the family were spending the autumn in the Alleghenies, to give our mother a change of scene after the latest dreadful bereavement. We were within easy reach of the Pennsylvania railroad station at Altoona, and of several steel towns. Our father used the opportunity to show me a spectacle which had the interest and charm of novelty—the manufacture of steel by the newly introduced Bessemer process. It was, indeed, a terrifying sight. An enormous pear-shaped vessel filled with iron ore was heated many hours and then, at a signal, all people except the minimum number of employes responsible for the dangerous manipulation, were ordered to the outside edge of the circular building. At a second signal, the monster vessel was inverted and the molten metal, white hot and fluid, was turned into molds of sand waiting for it on the earthen floor of the building. These molds were of the same size throughout the industry, and were known throughout the English-speaking world as "pigs." This branch of manufacture was known as the pig iron industry, although the technical name of each piece of iron at the completion of the process was *ingot*.

No weirder scene could be conceived than the general dark interior and the locally blinding glare of the furnace that supplied heat for melting the iron ore. Then the moment of frightful suspense when, if anything had gone wrong, several lives must inevitably have been lost. That has occurred more than once in the long course of development of the Bessemer method of transforming iron ore into steel; and still occurs from time to time under the newer methods.

It had been carefully explained to me in advance how vast a step forward this invention was, substituting as it did the single procedure for the earlier usage of turning ore into iron first, and then as a second step, iron into steel. It was explained to me on the spot how iron and steel were products of near-by coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania; how manganese, a Swedish product, was brought to this country because we had not yet discovered any in this hemisphere; and how immigrant laborers were sought like manganese; and how, population and industry, thus stimulated, were increasing the greatness of this industrial Republic.

I did not know at the time how significant it was that no one brought to my attention the thing that interested me most, and that I quickly discovered. This was the presence and activity of boys smaller than myself—and I was barely twelve years old—carrying heavy pails of water and tin dippers, from which the men drank eagerly. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, the first time I had ever consciously been awake at that hour, when the steel was turned out into the molds. The attention of all present was so concentrated on this industrial novelty that the little boys were no more important than so many grains of sand in the molds. For me, however, they were a living horror, and so remained until the laggard State of Pennsylvania forbade, thirty-eight years later, in 1909, the presence of children below the age of sixteen years in any place of manufacture in the late night or early morning.

During that same fall another nocturnal visit, this time to a glass factory near Pittsburgh, confirmed my astonished impression of the utter unimportance of children compared with products, in the minds of the people whom I was among. Incredible as it seemed to me then, even my father's mind was completely preoccupied with technical and financial development of the great American industries: the conservation of the human element was to remain a charge on the oncoming generation.

In the glass works the spectacle was less paralyzing than in the Bessemer steel works. Children were, however, far more numerous in proportion to men and for twenty to thirty years thereafter, this industry continued to build on their labor: and was to prove one of the most bitter opponents to protective laws.

In front of the blower's oven stood the blower with his long blow-pipe and, at his feet sat the blower's boy, crouched so that his head was sometimes lower than the oven-opening with its molten glass. I did not then know that the trade name of these boys was "blower's dog," given them probably because they were compelled to respond instantly to the blower's whistle. The function of this boy was to take the blower's

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mold the instant the bottle or tumbler was removed from it, scrape it and replace it perfectly smooth and clean for the next bottle or tumbler which the blower was already shaping in his pipe.

I have never found any one who could tell me the limit of heat to which these pitiable victims could be exposed at the mouth of the blower's oven. How their little heads survived one night of exposure at close range, to that fearful glare I cannot imagine as I think of the picture presented to me in 1871. Twenty years later, I was to encounter it again and again, when as Chief Inspector of Factories of the State of Illinois, I investigated the glass houses and sought to obtain child labor laws to put an end to the practice. Just as, nearly forty years after that first Pennsylvania visit, I was to find as a colleague in the Pittsburgh Survey, the earliest scenes continuing in the steel mills and glass houses of Western Pennsylvania.

In the following years, my childhood horizons were first stretched beyond the bounds of my native state. In 1872, I accompanied Father to the far West with the family, visiting Denver, Salt Lake, Los Angeles, Laramie. Father visited, while a member of Congress, every state and territory then existing, his keenest interest in his later years being the industrial development of the Southern states about which, in the 'eighties, he published a little volume entitled The New South. He was convinced that the unity of the Republic would become complete and permanent only as iron, coal, waterpower and all the other non-agricultural resources of the South were developed, and every step in this direction fascinated him.

It was never my good fortune to share one of the southern journeys, but in 1873 I had the pleasure and honor of traveling to Bismarck, North Dakota, then the end of the railroad, in company with Father and his beloved and revered friend and teacher, the internationally known Philadelphia economist Henry C. Carey.

These expeditions, in such companionship, afforded national vistas, reaching far indeed beyond the Philadelphia of my childhood. These vistas were to be further lengthened by university life here and in Europe. But in Father's library, in the tranquil home at Germantown, in the conscience-searching Fellowship of the Friends, I had divined depths and breadths of human experience in the universe lying beyond our sheltered household life. My Father's boyhood struggle, my mother's tragic loss of five little children, the serene front of my grandparents toward the misfortunes of middle life gave me, as a cherished child, inklings of hazards in the lives of my less fortunate contemporaries. There was Aunt Sarah's conviction that deep rooted evils could be eradicated only by stirring the minds of the oncoming generation; there was Father's charge to prepare for great tasks awaiting his children. And moving through a child's imagination were Free Soilers and Revolutionary ancestors, Quakers and Abolitionists and Non-Conformists, family figures who had put their consciences to the tests both of endurance and action. Such were the homes and heritage of one Philadelphia child of sixty years ago.

AN EMANATION FROM WISCONSIN

(*Continued from page* 30)

him in passing, still the robustness of his ambition will, more often than not, prevent that Malady the Soul from passing into his blood.

AT some low hours when Wisconsin has seemed to be stepping out of the march of the great utilitarian universities has there ever been the possibility of her starting off lonely in a new direction? What if ugly rumor had reached the exultant neighbors that the buildings were funny or the plumbing old, or even—that last rumor to be alarming—that academically the university was losing ground? What if those who came to school for the prestige which the association gave them should go elsewhere, carrying their fears of non-conformity, their cosmetics and their conditions with them? For one's own children one must have the Largest and (*Continued on page* 58)

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MANY a real prospect for fame has been salted down to the commonplace by having to fall in line and lock-step with the rest of the crowd. There are certain conventions of dress and conduct that fit all of us and these should in no wise be neglected; but when it comes to issuing an order that Jones, Brown and Smith shall think in the same tempo and deliver in the same set of percentage marks, then injustice is being done education and grave harm being done the sprouting adolescent. . . .

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AN EMANATION FROM WISCONSIN

(*Continued from page* 57)

Best. Such a desertion would surely bring dismay, for few who have ever deeply interested themselves in democratic schools have been able quite to join in spirit that man upon the Hoosatonic's banks who said depressingly: "Oh, what a lovely stream this is, if it weren't for the water." Yet how can one turn his mind from the speculation? What would happen if factory conditions of college being thus meliorated (at the expense of other institutions), student life in one state university could once more be cut to the man instead of to the pattern? Would the university lose its immediate connection with the state and suffer malnutrition? We may know more about it without such hazard after the experimental college has been worked out, in the new men's dormitories.

KNOWING that men do not easily go from bucolic placidity, as Hardy calls it, to philosophy without the intermediary period of social aggrandizement; realizing that art does not, as in popular legend, subsist on crusts, but rather prospers in an age of patronage; the old university leaders have earnestly sought a time when the minima would be upon the common board and the shelves of plenty within easy reach so that man might stay himself before he set out into the night of knowledge. But it would seem that man, succumbing to his sons and daughters, has gulped down the minima, and putting a nickel in the pianola, has called for gum and gasoline and set off at forty miles an hour on a road that many a civilization before his own has traveled.

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